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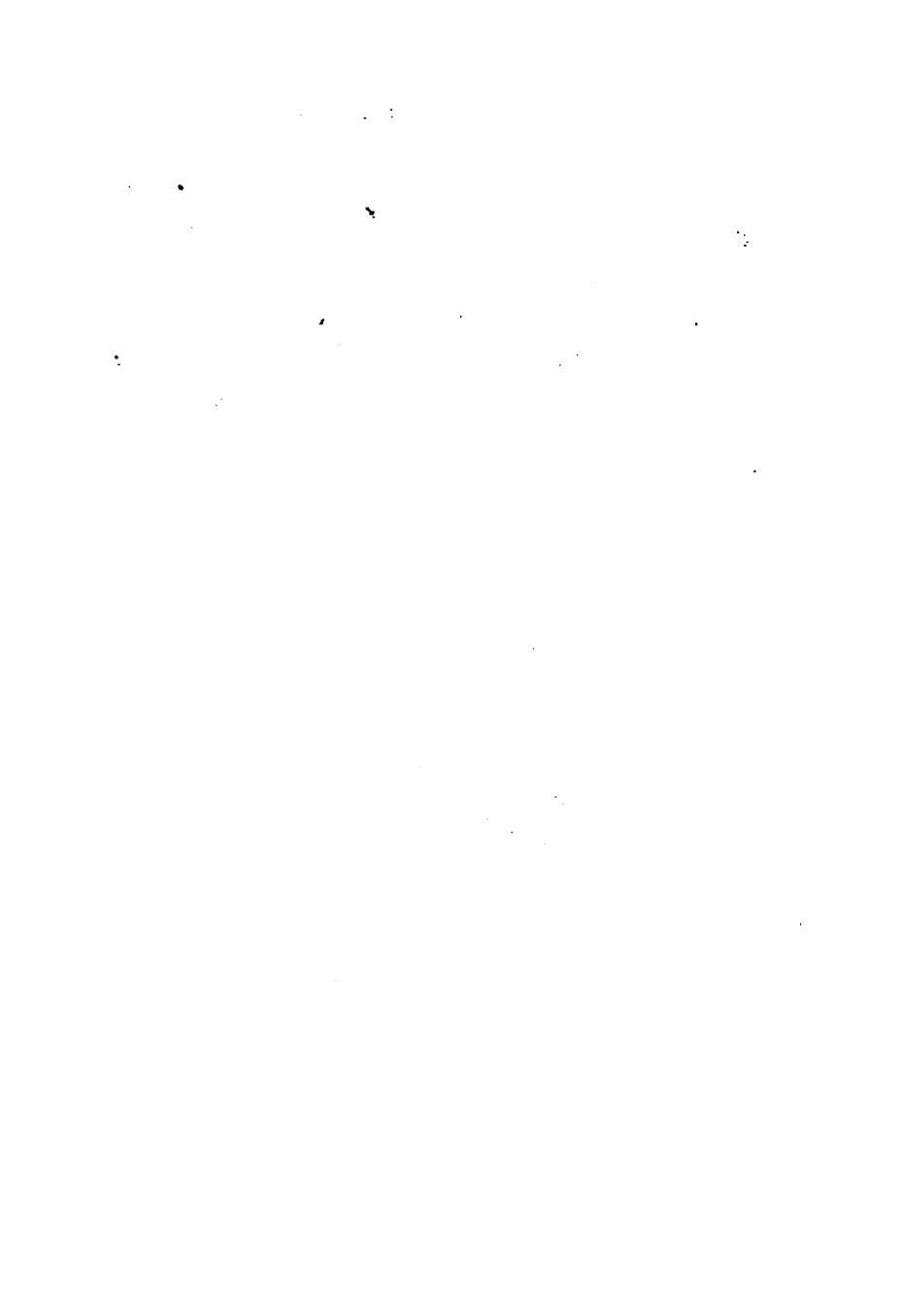
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Poetical Souvenir.

NOTICES.

It is intended to publish the next volume of the "POETICAL SOUVENIR" early in December, 1862.

Copies of Contributions submitted to the Editors should in all cases be retained by their Authors, as MSS. can in no case be returned.

Poets and Publishers desirous of obtaining notices of poetical works must forward their contributions before the 1st of August, 1862, to the Editors, care of Messrs. Brown, Gould & Co., 13 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

A few copies of Volumes I. and II. may be obtained at the above address, in cloth gilt, 5s. 6d.

The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of several poetical works and contributions sent too late for notice in the present volume.





CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D

SOUVENIR

OF

Modern Minstrelsy.

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY
BY LIVING WRITERS.

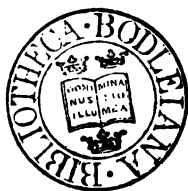
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Poetical Souvenir.



CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Dr. Charles Mackay, whose songs are familiar wherever the English language is spoken, and their influence in promoting social reform and elevating domestic affection must have been considerable. The poet was born at Perth; but was in infancy removed to London, where he commenced his literary career. In the year 1834, at the age of twenty-two, he published his first volume of poems: shortly afterwards he became connected with the "Morning Chronicle," and continued several years in this arduous service. From 1844 to 1847 he conducted the "Glasgow Argus;" and while residing in the north received from the University of Glasgow the honorary distinction of LL.D. Returning to London he was engaged as editor of the "Illustrated London News," which under his efficient management was raised to a position of unprecedented popularity. During his long and laborious connection with these papers, Dr. Mackay has never forsaken the Muses, but has produced a variety of poetical works which have made his name illustrious among the poets of the present. As a song-writer Dr. Mackay is best known: he has indeed inculcated no vice or immorality, however popular or fashionable it may be; but, on the contrary, has made song the vehicle for the inculcation of virtue, of self-reliance, of patriotism, of manly and womanly tenderness, of true love, and of all the charities, courtesies, and amenities of life. He has also made his songs simple and intelligible, or, as Milton recommends, "simple, sensuous, and passionate." The following extracts, with which we are permitted to enrich our present volume, will be acceptable to all our readers.

COLD CHRISTMAS?—NO!

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

COLD Christmas? No!
Our Christmas is not cold;
Although the north winds blow,
And pile the drifting snow,
And the beech-trees on the freezing wold
Rock sadly to and fro,
Our Christmas bears a warm true heart,
His face is red with glee;
And he jests and laughs,
And he sings and quaffs.
He was never unkind to me, my love:
May he never be cold to thee!
Cold Christmas? No!
He is warm and bright,
And he brings delight
To the hearts both of high and low.

Old Christmas? No!
Though states and kingdoms wear,
And change and ruin grow
From ages as they flow;
He's as light of tread, as young and fair,
As a thousand years ago.
The morning beams are always new,
And scatter blessings free;
And the Christmas-day
Is as new as they.
He was never old to me, my love:
May he never grow old to thee!
Old Christmas? No!
He shall never part
With his youth of heart
While there's love in this world below.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
Strew'd acorns on the lea ;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great :
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !
A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,—
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

HAPPY WINTER.

SAID Winter ;—and he strove to frown,
“ Why do you love me, young and old ?
“ The drifting snows my forehead crown,
“ My heart is hard, my blood is cold ? ”
“ Ah, no ! ” said both, “ We love you well
“ For fresh delights remember'd long ;
“ Your voice is merry as a bell,
“ And all your accents sound like song.
“ So smile—old Winter—smile again,
“ You but pretend our foe to be ;
“ You warm and cheer the hearts of men,
“ We love you for your Revelry.”
Said Winter to the maid I love,
“ What makes thee prize me, maiden fair ?
“ I strip the verdure from the grove,
And Hush the music in the air.”

Sweet was her smile as she replied,
"O Winter wild, though this be true,
"You come with Christmas at your side—
"You give affection work to do.
"The suffering and the poor you seek,
"With kindly words and offerings free,
"You dry the tears on Sorrow's cheek ;
"We love you for your Charity."
Old Winter kiss'd the blushing maid,
To young and old he held his hand :
"Who loves me in this guise," he said,
"Need fear no winter in the land.
"On them I'll ask my daughter Spring
"Her choicest blooms and balms to pour,
"The Summer on their path shall sing,
"And Autumn bless them with its store.
"So be ye happy on the earth,
"Whate'er your name or station be,
"Who mingle with your Christmas mirth
"Your bounteous Christmas Charity."

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play ;
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis Willing Hand ! 'tis Cheerful Heart,
The two best friends I know ;
Around the hearth come Joy and Mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright ! Come dark—'tis right !
Come cold—'twill warm ere long !—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

Who falls may stand, if good Right Hand
Is first, not second best ;
Who weeps may sing, if Kindly Heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties pour'd,
When they sit down to dine :
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water's good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong,
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
Merrily sound the song !
Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare.
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run,
Or climb they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

[Air : OLD ENGLISH.]

OH ! the light of our love, in the Dawn of our day,
Is bright as the sunshine that smiles on our way ;
It shows us the dew-drops like gems on the thorn,
And calls up the sweet-ringing music of morn.
The roses of life in its presence unfold,
And the crests of the mountains glow purple and gold.
Oh ! the sweet light of love, in our Morning of mirth,
Is the charm and the glory, and hope of the earth.

But the light of our love, when the Evening is near,
Is softer and sweeter, more tender and clear ;
The stars that were hid in the glare of the Noon,
Look forth in their beauty, undimm'd by the moon.
The world and its pleasures in shadow may lie,
But pleasures less fleeting appear in the sky :
Oh ! the sweet light of love to our Evening is given,
To lead us from earth to the glories of Heaven !



THE MASTER KEYS.

How small the master-keys of thought,
That ope the gate of parted years,
And show the chambers richly wrought,
Bedew'd with bygone tears !
A rose-leaf folded in the page
Awakes emotion strong ;
And floods no pity can assuage
Come bursting at a song.

A stranger's look, a transient word,
A touch, an odour, or a sigh,
A little whisper scarcely heard,
The lifting of an eye,
May all be keys to open wide
The twilight halls of Time,
And show the cells where Passion died,
Or Folly grew to Crime.

Oh, turn them not ! Be hush'd the strain !
We may not gaze on Sorrow's heart ;
Be hid, ye flowers, that breathe of pain !
Ye memories, depart !
The moonbeam lights the storied glass,
But darkness hovers round ;
Beware, intruder, how you pass !—
You tread on holy ground.

THE PRIMROSE.

[The common field primrose, that grows in such beautiful luxuriance in the meadows and green lanes in the British Isles, is unknown in America or Australia—or only cultivated in conservatories or hot-houses. Two years ago, it was reported in a Melbourne newspaper, that an English primrose had been imported in a Wardian case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbour, to be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation. Upwards of three thousand people turned out into the streets to see the flower brought ashore, and the pressure of the crowd was so great that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and to make a line through which the Primrose might be escorted on shore, to be seen of all her admirers.]

SHE comes!—make way, ye people!

Stand reverently aside;

She comes!—the gentle traveller,

In purity and pride;

Shower welcomes fair upon her,

To show befitting honour;

And give her love and homage

From hearts and kindling eyes;

And believe her and receive her

With a thousand sympathies.

She has cross'd the stormy ocean,

A pilgrim, to our shore;

As fresh as Youth and Beauty,

And dear as days of yore.

Stand back! for she is tender,

And delicate and slender;

And a rude, too boisterous greeting,

Well meant although it be,

Might endanger our sweet stranger,

From the land beyond the sea.

Oh! the love that she awakens,

And the smiles twin-born with tears,

That her pleasant face up-summons

From the depths of other years!

When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart and truthful,
And roam'd by rippling rivers,
 And woodland pastures wild,
To meet her, and to greet her,
 In the valleys where she smiled.

How often, in life's morning,
 When none but she was nigh,
And the blithe free lark above us,
 Sprinkling music from the sky,
Beside the stile we've waited,
Until evening hours belated,
To breathe the youthful passion,
 That was bold as well as coy,
To some maiden, love-beladen,
 Full of innocence and joy.

How often, in life's noontime,
 When our boys and girls were young,
We have taken them to meadows,
 Where the early blossoms sprung,
In that well-beloved far-land ;
And wove them many a garland
Of buttercups and daisies,
 And primrose blushing fair,
And entwined them, and enshrined them,
 'Mid the clusters of their hair !

Stand back, ye joyous people !—
 Ye shall see her, every one ;
Ye shall see her, but not touch her—
 Where we place her in the sun !
She shall smile on you serenely,
And fairy-like and queenly ;
And pour upon your spirits,
 Like the dew from Heaven's own dome,
The feelings and revealings,
 And memories of home !

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

WE beg to offer our best thanks for the permission of the Poet Laureate to make the following extracts from his beautiful poem entitled "In Memoriam," probably the most splendid *Immortelle* that genius has ever laid on the bier of departed friendship.

CHRISTMAS.

THE time draws near, the birth of Christ:
The morn is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

* * * *

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

FREDERICK TENNYSON,

A BROTHER of the Poet Laureate, who has written a volume of beautiful poetry entitled "Days and Hours."

SONG OF AN OLD MAN.

THOUGH winter yet be not o'er-past,
The breath of spring steals o'er the lea ;
Is it in mercy unto me
April, thou comest in such haste ?

Ah ! gentle friend, I would behold
Thy fair young face, thy tender tears,
In thy soft voice my spirit hears
Itself speak cheerly as of old.

When ere the dawn I wake and weep,
To think of hearts that beat no more,
And cruel memories haunt me sore,
Come thou, and through my lattice creep.

And murmuring in the ivy leaves
Waken the early morning bird,
Whose mirth, by the first daylight stirr'd,
Sings to me from beneath the eaves.

Oh ! the first snowdrop let me see
The first young primrose laughing out ;
When the rathe violet sheds about
Its magic soul, bear that to me.

When in their hearts thy life is born,
The young man laughs, the young girl sighs,
And love, in light of their blue eyes,
Moves, as in heaven the star of morn.

Wild horses run in valleys wide,
The deer leaps up in oaken glade,
The lion from his rocky shade
Roars, and runs down the mountain side.

When thy swift life moves in their blood
Like lightning, lo ! the strong arise,
And do great deeds, and o'er the wise
Roll godlike visions like a flood.

The poet bares his suffering brows
Unto thee, and his voice is heard
Mingling with song of tree and bird,
Like gods beneath the garden boughs.

But I am old, and in my breast
The embers of the ancient fire
Flame not again at my desire—
Oh ! I am old, and crave but rest.

Lead me a little in the sun
Kind hand of maid, or loving child ;
My tears the light of heaven shall gild
Until my wintry day be done.

Though in my heart the voice of spring,
With its bright flowers and carols clear,
Tells me not of the passing year,
And the new life in everything ;

But takes me back where lie inurn'd
The ashes of imperial joys,
Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,
Great passions with their torches burn'd.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,
And sets upon their ancient thrones
The scatter'd monumental bones
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath
Of virgin song, and fair young Love
Is seen his golden plumes to move
Over the grim grey land of Death.

My heart is like a temple dim,
Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats,
And sad celestial organ notes
Hover, like wings of cherubim,

Touch'd by some unseen hand, around
The marble figures of the dead ;
But at this hour no living tread
Is heard, no disenchanting sound.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOW.

THE golden-throated merle and mellow thrush
Chant to us yet ; the woodlark will not fly
His ancient sylvan solitude, or hush
His dewy pipings for a softer sky ;
But the swallow flies away—
I would that I were he :
He follows the flown May
Across the sea.

The swallow hath a fickle heart at best,
He bears off the sweet days he brought us o'er,
And sounds retreat like an ungrateful guest
That shuns the flatter'd host he sued before ;
Should kind Mirth be forgot
When his dark locks are gray,
And Love remember'd not ?
Ah ! stay, ah ! stay !

Know ye of Gladness, that with jocund hearts
Can cast away old loves for love of new ?
O friends, the music of a thousand arts
Charms not so sweetly as a voice that's true :
I sang ye songs of sorrow,
I sang ye songs of glee,
I cried, Await to-morrow ;
Ye heard not me.

Know ye of Sorrow ? can ye understand
Mortality, that hung unto the robe
Of Summer, as she flies from land to land ?
Follow swift Youth around the rolling globe.
Joy's winged heart is light,
But blind are his bright eyes ;
Grief seeth in the night
Of tears and sighs.

The feathers of Time's wings, ere yet they fall,
Ye pluck, and from his plumes ye trim your own
Ye answer to the south wind's silver call,
Ah ! whither wend ye, leaving me undone ?
Ah ! stay, dear friends, ah ! stay,
And leave me not forsaken ;
Care takes not the same way
That ye have taken.

In our lorn woods the morn and even song
Will fail, and things of sunshine cease to be ;
Lo ! shrilling Winter leadeth Death along,
I see the tyrant shake his lance at me.
Delight hath fled the earth,
The evil days are come ;
So I will light my hearth,
And sing at home.


Ye seek the blue isles and the happy hills,
Ye rush into the heart of Summer skies,
Ye leave behind ye unremember'd ills,
Ye fly like happy souls to Paradise.
O! could ye, blissful things,
On my dark, utter day,
Lend me those selfsame wings
To flee away !

NOON.

THE winds are hush'd, the clouds have ceased to sail,
And lie like islands in the Ocean-day,
The flowers hang down their heads, and far away
A faint bell tinkles in a sun-drown'd vale ;
No voice but the cicada's whirring note—
No motion but the grasshoppers that leap ;
The reaper pours into his burning throat
The last drops of his flask, and falls asleep.

The rippling flood of a clear mountain stream
Fleets by, and makes sweet babble with the stones ;
The sleepy music with its murmuring tones
Lays me at noontide in Arcadian dream ;
Hard by soft night of summer bowers is seen,
With trellised vintage curtaining a cove
Whose diamond mirror paints the amber-green,
The glooming bunches, and the boughs above.

Finches, and moths, and gold-dropt dragon-flies
Dip in their wings, and a young village-daughter
Is bending with her pitcher o'er the water ;
Her round arm imaged, and her laughing eyes,



And the fair brow amid the flowing hair,
Look like the nymph's, for Hylas coming up,
Pictured among the leaves and fruitage there ;
Or the boy's self a-drowning with his cup.

Up through the vines, her urn upon her head,
Her feet unsandall'd, and her dark locks free,
She takes her way, a lovely thing to see ;
And like a skylark starting from its bed,
A glancing meteor, or a tongue of flame,
Or virgin waters gushing from their springs,
Her hope flies up—her heart is pure of blame—
On wings of sound : she sings ! oh how she sings !

ALEXANDER SMITH.

WE are again permitted to make extracts from the works of this promising poet, who, since our brief notice was written last year, has produced a volume entitled "Edwin of Deira," a work presenting many eminently beautiful pictures and descriptions, with passages of true pathos which well sustain his reputation.

 BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath-day,
 Through the churchyard old and grey,
 Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling
 way ;
 And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like
 balms,
 'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow
 organ-calms,
 'Mid the upward streaming prayers, and the rich and
 solemn psalms,
 I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere
 While the organ shook the air,
 And the priest with outspread hands, blessed the
 people with a prayer ;
 But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and
 saint-like shine
 Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes
 on mine—
 Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that face was
 surely thine
 Out of heaven, Barbara !

O pallid, pallid face !
 O earnest eyes of grace !
 When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.

You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift
on your wrist :
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in
mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched, in my despair,
Sunny noon and midnight air ;
I could not drive away the thought that you were
lingering there.
O many and many a winter night I sat when you were
gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire
alone—
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing on
your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by yon
brink ?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and
guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through
latticed bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its
stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara ?

In the years I've changed ;
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
And many sins and errors now have been on me
avenged ;

But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good
I lacked :

I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love
intact—

Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless
cataract—

Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest ;

With many doubts opprest,

I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.

Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry
shore,

The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath
told you more

Than the melancholy world doth know ; things deeper
than all lore

You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain,

You will never come again.

There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of
rain ;

The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in
the tree,

Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and
wounded sea,

There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death
and thee,


Barbara !

FIRE.

THE other night I lay within my bed,
Watching my dying fire : it mouldered out.
I listened to the strange nocturnal cries :
A ballad-singer 'neath my window stood,
And sang hoarse songs ; she went away, and then
An oyster-man came crying through the streets ;
And straight, as if I stood on dusky shores,
I saw the tremulous silver of the sea
Set to some coast beneath the mighty moon.
He passed into the silence. Wafts of song
From arm-linked youths, as they meandered home,
Came to my ears ; the town grew still ; and then,
Just when my soul was sinking into dream,
Alarm of " Fire !" ran through the startled street,
And windows were thrown up as it went past.
A hasty engine tore along, and trailed
A lengthening crowd behind. " Ah, ha," I thought,
" That maniac, Fire, is loose ; who was so tame,
When little children looked into his face,
He laughed and blinked within his prison-grate.
His fit is on ; the merry winking elf
Has rushed into a hungry crimson fiend :
Now he will seize a house, crush in the roof,
And leap and dance above his prey, and throw
His roaring flickering arms across the sky—
May he be bound again !" The tumult scared
Soft-plumaged Silence, and, when it was gone,
She settled down again with outspread wings
Upon the place she left. That angel Sleep,
Who blunts the edge of pain, who brings from Heaven
The dead ones to us, took my hand in his,
And led me down unto the under-world.

LOVE.

“ A MERCHANT with his fortune on the deep—
A mother with her brave and precious boy
Flung where the wave of battle breaks in death—
Ventures no more than we do when we love.
What sweet enchantments hover round Love's name !
Far out to sea, from off her syren isles,
Steal wandering melodies, and lie in wait
To lure the sailor to her fatal shores
Within the crimson sunset. 'Tis our doom
To sit unhappy in the round of self.
From our necessities of love arise
Our keenest heartaches and our miseries.
When death and change are flying in the sky,
Our spirits tremble like a nest of doves
Beneath the falcon's wing. Each time we love,
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
O that the heart could, like a housewife, sit
By its own fire, and let the world go by
Unheeded as the stream before the door !
Love cannot look upon a dingy cloud,
But straightway there's a rainbow ; and we walk
Blind with a fond delusion in our eyes,
Which paints each grey crag, rose. Whene'er we meet
A giddy girl—a mountain beck that sings
And sparkles from its shallowness, ourselves
Its glorifying sun,—her heart an inn,
Or caravanserai amid the sands,
With new guests every night,—to Love she gleams
A daughter of the dawn. She flings, in sport,
The jewel of our happiness away :
To her,—each bubble blown by Idleness,
Lolling with peacock's feather in the sun,
An ever-radiant wonder,—nought. To us,



The change between bright Spring's exuberant lark,
 And Autumn's shy and solitary bird ;
 Instead of dancing to our graves in sheen,
 Walking in sober grey."

DEATH.

"As a wild mother, when her child is dead,
 Flings herself down on the unheeding face,
 And pours more passionate kisses on the lips
 Than when they kissed again, and then starts up,
 And, in a dreamy luxury of grief,
 Strews the white corse with flowers :—'I'll lay thee out,
 My poor dead love, and fondlier gaze on thee,
 Than when thou smiled amid thy golden hair,
 And sang more sweet than Hope. No tears ; for Death
 Saw thee when loveliest, and his icy touch
 Preserves thy look for ever. It is well :
 The only things that change not are the dead.
 Now thou art safe from Time's defacing hand,
 From staling custom, and, sadder far than all,
 From human fickleness. In after years,
 It might be, I would scarce have followed thee,
 A mourner to thy grave. Thou art so fair,
 That, gazing on thee, clamorous grief becomes
 For very reverence, mute. If mighty Death
 Made our rude human faces by his touch
 Divinely fair as thine, O, never more
 Would strong hearts break o'er biers. There sleeps
 A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips, [to-night
 A solemn light upon thine ample brow,
 That I can never, never hope to find
 Upon a living face. Within thy grave
 I'll lay thee ; and above will memory hang
 An ever-mourning willow !"

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY,

THE author of "Festus." A poem of richer imagery and poetry has not been produced by any living poet. The first of the following extracts appears in a conversation between Festus and a student concerning poetry, in which the latter asks "What theme remains?" Festus replies—

THYSELF, thy race, thy love,
 The faithless and the full of faith in God ;
 Thy race's destiny, thy sacred love ;
 Every believer is God's miracle.
 Nothing will stand whose staple is not love ;
 The love of God, or man, or lovely woman ;
 The first is scarcely touch'd, the next scarce felt,
 The third is desecrated ; lift it up,
 Redeem it, hallow it, blend the three in one
 Great holy work. It shall be read in Heaven
 By all the saved of sinners of all time.
 Preachers shall point to it, and tell their wards
 It is a handful of eternal truth.
 Make ye a heartful of it ; men shall will
 That it be buried with them in their hands.
 The young, the gay, the innocent, the brave,
 The fair, with soul and body both all love,
 Shall run to it with joy ; and the old man,
 Still hearty in decline, whose happy life
 Hath blossom'd downwards, like the purple bell-flower,
 Closing the book, shall utter lowly,
 Death, thou art infinite, it is life is little.
 Believe thou art inspired, and thou art.
 Look at the bard and others ; never heed
 The petty hints of envy. If a fault
 It be in bard, to deem himself inspired,
 'Tis one which hath had many followers
 Before him. He is wont to make, unite,

Believe ; the world to part, and doubt, and narrow.
 That he believes, he utters. What the world
 Utters, it trusts not. But the time may come
 When all, along with those who seek to raise
 Men's minds, and have enough of pain, without
 Suffering from envy, may be God-inspired
 To utter truth, and feel like love for men.
 Poets are henceforth the world's teachers. Still
 The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it.



TO THE MOON.

I HAVE turn'd to thee, Moon, from the glance
 That in triumphing coldness was given ;
 And rejoiced, as I view'd thee all lonely advance,
 That something was lonely in heaven.

I have turn'd to thee, Moon, as I lay
 In thy silent and saddening brightness ;
 And rejoiced as high heaven went shining away,
 That the heart had its desolate lightness.

I have turn'd to thee, Moon, from my love,
 And from all that once bless'd me in sadness ;
 And can marvel no more that, abandon'd above,
 Thou shouldst lend thy bright face to make madness.

I have turn'd to thee, Moon, from my heart,
 That in love hath long labour'd and sorrow'd ;
 And have hoped it might mix, as I watch'd thee depart,
 Like thyself, with the morn which had morrow'd.




ANGELA.

It is my love. It is she!
My glory, spirit, beauty! let me touch thee.
Nay, do not shrink back: well then, I am wrong:
Thou didst not use to shrink from me, my love.
Angela! dost thou hear me? speak to me.
And thou art there—looking alive and dead.
Thy beauty is then incorruptible.
I thought so, oft as I have looked on thee.
Thou art too much even now for me as once.
I cannot gather what I raved to say;
Nor why I had thee hither. Stay! sweet sprite!
Dear art thou to me now, as in that hour
When first Love's wave of feeling, spray-like, broke
Into bright utterance, and we said we loved.
Yea, but I must come to thee. Move no more!
Art thou in death or Heaven, or from the stars?
Have I done wrong in calling for thee thus?
What art thou? Speak, love,—whisper me as wont
In the dear times gone by; or durst thou not
Unfold the mystery of thine and mine
Own being? Was it Death who hush'd thy lips?
Is his cold finger there still? Let me come!

MORNING.

HAIL, beauteous Earth! Gazing o'er thee, I all
Forget the bounds of being; and I long
To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend
Soul, passion, yea, existence, with the fair
Creature he calls his own. I ask for nought
Before or after death but this,—to lie,
And look, and live, and bask, and bless myself



Upon thy broad bright bosom. From thee I
Sprang, and to thee I turn, heart, arm, and brain.
Yes, I am all thine own. Thou art the sole
Parent. To rock and river, plain and wood,
I cry, ye are my kin. While I, O Earth!
Am but an atom of thee, and a breath,
Passing unseen and unrecorded, like
The tiny throb here in my temple's pulse.
Thou art for ever, and the sacred bride
Of Heaven—worthy the passion of our God.
O! full of light, love, grace!—the grace of all
Who owe to thee their life; thy Maker's love;
His face's light. All thine rejoice in thee;
Thou in thyself for aye; rolling through air
As seraphs' song out of their trumpet lips
Rolls round the skies of Heaven. See the Sun!
God's crest upon His azure shield the Heavens.

HOW TO LIVE.

WE live in *deeds*, not years; in *thoughts*, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He most lives
Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THIS gentleman, the Member of Parliament for Pontefract, has published several volumes of graceful poetry, from which we have much pleasure in acknowledging the kind permission to make the following extracts.

A MONUMENT FOR SCUTARI.

“ THE cypresses of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea
And glittering theatre of town ;
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in triple tire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
Those pinnacles of death aspire.”
Thus, years ago, in grave descant,
The traveller sang those ancient trees
That Eastern grace delights to plant
In reverence of man's obsequies ;
But time has shed a golden haze
Of memory round the cypress glooms,
And gladly he reviews the days
He wandered 'mid those alien tombs.
Now other passion rules the soul ;
And Scutari's familiar name
Arouses thoughts beyond control,
A tangled web of pride and shame ;
No more shall that fair word recall
The Moslem and his Asian rest,
But the dear brothers of us all
Rent from their mother's bleeding breast.
Calmly our warriors moulder there,
Uncoffined, in the sandy soil,
Once festered in the sultry glare,
Or wasted in the wintry toil.

No verdure on those graves is seen,
 No shade obstructs the garish day ;
 The tender dew to keep them green
 Are wept, alas ! too far away ;

Are wept in homes their smiles shall bless
 No more, beyond the deep serene,
 In cottages now fatherless
 On Highland moor and English green,
 In palaces by common grief
 Made level with the meanest room,—
 One agony and one relief
 The conscience of a glorious doom !

For there, too, is Thermopylæ ;—
 As on the dank Ægean shore,
 By this bright portal of the sea
 Stood the devoted as of yore ;
 When Greece herself was merged in night,
 The Spartan held his honour's meed—
 And shall no pharos shed the light
 To future time of Britain's deed ?

Masters of form !—if such be now—
 On sense and powers of art intent,
 To match this mount of sorrow's brow,
 Devise your seemliest monument :
 One that will symbolise the cause
 For which this might of manhood fell,
 Obedience to their country's laws,
 And duty to God's truth as well.

Let, too, the old Miltonic muse,
 That trumpeted "the scattered bones
 Of saints on Alpine mountains," use
Reveillé of forgotten tones ;

Let some one, worthy to be priest
Of this high altar of renown,
Write in the tongues of West and East
Who bore this cross, who wore this crown.
Write that, as Britain's peaceful sons,
Luxurious rich, well-tended poor,
Fronted the foeman's steel and guns,
As each would guard his household door;
So, in those ghastly halls of pain
Where thousand hero-sufferers lay,
Some smiled in thought to fight again,
And most unmurmuring passed away.
Write that, when pride of human skill
Fell prostrate with the weight of care,
And men prayed out for some strong will,
Some reason 'mid the wild despair,
The loving heart of woman rose
To guide the hand and clear the eye,
Gave hope amid the sternest woes,
And saved what man had left to die.
Write every name—lowlier the birth,
Loftier the death!—and trust that when
On this regenerated earth
Rise races of ennobled men,
They will remember—these were they
Who strove to make the nations free,
Not only from the sword's brute sway,
But from the spirit's slavery.

THE LONG-AGO.

EYES, which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear.

Memories, feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow your majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown ;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy ;
So, remindful of the prime,
Spirits wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure Desire
On the altars it deceives ;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower ;

Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat, and mounted high :
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Thro' the golden mist of years :
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow ;
Oh ! we would not if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Tho' the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Tho' for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the Past its Long-ago.



A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

It was a holy usage to record
Upon each refectory's side or end
The last mysterious supper of our Lord,
That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent palace of old Spain,
Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign,
The sovran glory of those wondrous things.

A painter of far fame, in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discern'd,
While, in low tones, a grey Geronomite
This answer to his ecstasy return'd :

“Stranger ! I have received my daily meal
In this good company, now three-score years,
And thou, whoe’er thou art, canst hardly feel
How time these lifeless images endears.

“Lifeless,—ah ! no : while in my heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
And still *that* silent supper lasting on.

“While I review my youth,— what I was then,—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all,
It seems as if *these* were the living men,
And *we* the colour’d shadows on the wall.”

THE SPIRIT OF PHILANTHROPY.

A SENSE of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving ;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless :
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all.

JOHN HARRIS.

WE have no hesitation in recognizing the writer of the following beautiful poems as a poet of remarkable promise. He is the author of a delightful little volume entitled "Wandering Cries" (London: Partridge & Co.). The following graceful effusions have been written since its publication; and with the exception of the lines entitled "Ocean," first printed in "Household Words," and "The Golden Year," more recently in "All the Year Round," they appear for the first time. We not only thank Mr. Harris for his valuable co-operation, but acknowledge also the courtesy of Mr. Charles Dickens, by whose permission the poems specially referred to are reprinted.

 LOVE.

WE live by love; perchance a child is given
 Whose beauty holds us as with magic chain,
 Or our affections follow friends in heaven,
 Or we love one who loves us not again,
 Or some ideal form in dreams may grow
 Fairer than all on earth, and slowly dear,
 For from our hearts the stream must ever flow,
 If we would keep the fountain fresh and clear.

But thou, oh! senseless and unhappy wight,
 Whom love's sweet music pleases not, nor grieves,
 What art thou but a star deprived of light,
 A bud enclosing only withered leaves?
 Oh! fool, to choose the darkness and the cold,
 The last year's nest, whence all delights are fled,
 And with no help in learning, fame, or gold,
 For, loveless, art thou not already dead?

OCEAN.

OH, that this silver stream would bear my soul
(While, in abstracted mood, I watch'd some star),
Like sere leaf on its water's petty roll !

I would its devious windings follow far,
And never with one thought disturb its flow,

But, like a child in some beloved embrace,
Lie still and rest, and purest pleasure know
In looking to attain the wish'd-for place.

With thee, great Ocean, would I long to be ;

Again to rest upon thy shell-strewn sand,
To list, like lover, to the melody

Of thy dear voice ; to kiss the snowy hand
Which smooths to pillows the rough beach ; to fold

In my embrace thy rocks ; in dreams once more
To spend old hours with thee, and to behold
Thy face, reflecting Heaven as of yore.

To seek concealed wonders few would note,

The unheeded ripple, like an infant smile,
The shell of life deserted ; or to float

On thy calm breast at evening, the while
No sound should startle the tranced air, and gaze

On minute forests and strange plants that grow
On thy sand-floor, where, folded in the maze

Of purple leaves, untended flowers blow.

To watch the evening shades and vapours dun

Gather like clouds of sorrow on thy face,
And to behold, perchance, the weary sun

Serenely sinking in thy kind embrace,
Like a most wayward child who will not rest

Save on one breast ; for thee, in silence deep,
To rock his cloudy cradle in the west

And draw the curtain as he falls asleep.

To wait until the moon, in garments bright,
Enters the sky as a deserted town,
Changing the battlements to walls of light,
Whilst, scarcely seen, some starry eyes look down,
With gentle greeting, as she glides along,
The Queen of Peace, with majesty elate ;
But thou, as lonely echo some sweet song,
In thy clear breast dost mock her little state.

Like watcher by a slumbering child, to list
To thy low breathing, as thou sleepest by ;
To see the distant vessel veil'd in mist,
Like spirit invoked of the moon on high ;
To climb some rock, and calm my troubled mind,
The while unwearied tides pass on below,
Though all seem still, and there is no rough wind
To weave the dying wave a wreath of snow.

Thou, Ocean, art the same ; but where are they
With whom I loved to haunt thy vocal shore ?
Life's changes bore them from my path away,
And I may see those well-known forms no more :
Sad thought, no more to tread that glistening beach,
And watch thy troubled bosom heave and fall,
In their sweet presence,—for beyond my reach
Wafted are those dear hearts and scatter'd all.

As if, far distant in the universe,
A group of planets, which to our short sight
Had seem'd a shining cloud, should all disperse,
Deserting their true paths of borrow'd light,
And, on the eternal ocean, circling far,
Seek island worlds ; leaving their sun, bereft
Of their kind ministry, a wandering star,
To explore Heaven alone. So I am left.

I am left : and find solace in the dreams
Peopling my mind, as that deserted sun,
In the fair race with which its surface teems,
'Neath the bright awning human gaze would shun :
And when to thy breast, Ocean, my thoughts fly,
Like thy pure tribute for the thirsty ground,
Purged from pollution, they are drawn on high
Where all my faithful lost ones shall be found.

NATURE'S LIFE.

ALL Nature lives, as they may learn who will :
Let us but watch those trees in stately row,
Whose leaves are in the sunlight lying still,
And, when they wake and tremble to and fro,
Think not that any wind comes to relieve
The marble stillness, for such faith were sad,
And thou at least, oh, Poet, must believe
That with the sense of living they are glad.

The flowers enjoy their life ; they are not dead,
Although their happiness eludes our sight ;
In sleepy bliss the poppy hangs its head,
And through the primrose shines a meek delight,
A pleasure in the violet's blue eye,
Which its own beauty doth express in part,
And e'en the daisy, looking to the sky,
Draws some of Heaven's peace into its heart.

Thinkest thou flowers suffer no distress
When tempests, roughly sweeping through their
lands,
Disturb and often tear their lovely dress,
Pushing them down with most ungentle hands ?

They feel the wind, and hear its awful cries,
And all the night lie trembling and in pain,
And in the morning droop with tearful eyes,
Or still sleep on and never wake again.

THE BIRDS OF GOD.

'Tis said that God's birds now and then
Unseen fly o'er the world of men,
And drop seeds in their way;
But birds of God are not so rare,
For they dwell near us everywhere,
And sweetly sing all day.
E'en in the blackbird's broken snatch
Of song, the poet's ear must catch
A melody of love;
Her tune is now to us address'd,
But, looking upward from the nest,
She learnt it from above.
God speaks through every bird that sings;
Not borne on unfamiliar wings
His messages are given,
But common birds that haunt the wood,
If we their language understood,
Would speak to us of Heaven.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

COME, sunny looks, that in my memory throng;
Come! bringing back some happy afternoon;
Come! for your gentle presence is the song
Without which Nature hums a lonely tune.

Oh, light feet, tread the narrow path once more ;
Come to my cry, fair forms, and, resting near,
On the dear rocks where you have sat before,
A little while renew the golden year.

Come to this spot, whence we so oft have viewed
The gleam of waves, rock-broken, round the bay,
Come once more, or wild grasses will intrude,
And clasp their hands across the narrow way ;
Come, for the place is fair as land of dream,
And, through the rushes, winds hum mournfully,
As if just moved in slumber, and the stream
Still struggles through its cresses to the sea.

'Tis vain to call ; I once the strain have heard,
That lacked no note to make the tune complete,
Once, wakened by the touch of some kind word,
I found a garden fair, with flowers sweet ;
There, plucking fruits from many a drooping bough,
I stayed, untroubled by foreboding doubt ;
Once have I passed the golden year, and now
I see it far back, like a star going out.

The daisies of the golden year are dead,
Its sunsets will not touch the west again,
Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,
And only fully known when sought in vain ;
The same sweet voices I shall never hear,
For the fair forms that once my pathway crossed
Are gone, with waters of the golden year
That now are mingled in the sea and lost.

WILL.

A GLORY shines upon the hill
To which my pilgrim steps are bent,
Earth cannot turn me from my way ;
Is not the will omnipotent ?
And while I watch with steadfast eye
The light that weans me from the Past,
My will moves in me, like a stream
That must attain the sea at last.

Yet help me, children, all you can,
With gentle words, more sweet than song,
With truthful smile excelling words,
Or glance of eyes that make me strong ;
And so my will shall ever move
Toward its end with tuneful flow,
For sad the music of the stream
Upon whose banks no flowers grow.

Oh ! if my will be like a stream,
It needs sometimes a gleam of light,
It is too feeble in its flow
To hold its way through flowerless night ;
Were there no glance of love from Heaven,
No smiles to bloom along the shore,
Its music it would soon forget
And sink in silence evermore.

THE MAY QUEEN.

LITTLE Annie, with overmuch rambling,
Was footsore and tired to-day,
Though they made her a chaplet of flowers
And crown'd her the Queen of the May.

Poor Annie, her head was sleep-heavy,
And droop'd, though so prettily crown'd,
And, as we walk'd wearily homeward,
Her flower-wreath fell on the ground ;

And, carelessly flung in the water,
It floated far down with the stream,
And I thought the delight it had given
Was fled like the joy of a dream.

But the children believe that good spirits
Till daybreak will guard her from harm,
They have their old legends and stories,
And say they have woven a charm,

And that fairies that dwelt in the flowers
Will hover around her to-night,
And lead her away into Dreamland
Before the return of the light ;

And there they will show her bright visions,
And vainly allure her to stay,
And once more will crown her with flowers
And make her the Queen of the May.

And, when she comes back in the morning,
There will be such light in her eyes,
We shall know she has been with the fairies,
And look at her with surprise.

Now I'm weary of life and of trouble ;
And, though I'm not Queen of the May,
Yet I wonder if any kind fairy
Would take me to Dreamland away !

Ah ! I think from the cradle they took me,
And I fear they will not set me free,
For I am in Dreamland already,
And my life is a dream to me.

WHISPERS OF THE FERN.

WHAT madly happy times we spent
On this fern-waste in days gone by !
Each path we've track'd a thousand times,
My little sister Kate and I ;
Our father's house is in the vale,—
A spot which Nature strove to bless,—
And on the hill, in half a mile,
Begins the ferny wilderness.

This ground was sacred to our games,
In all these paths we used to play,
We knew the flowers that blossom'd near,
And kept our little parlour gay ;
Among these hills we found delights
To City-children all unknown,
And here we heard the fern-tops sing,—
But now they sing to me alone.

On this soft grass I'll lay my head,—
No churchyard has a sweeter rest,—
Rebuild her face with closed eyes,
And hope that Sleep may make me blest ;
For then the world is all forgot,
The fern-tops whisper dreams to me,
And, in a tiny boat, my soul
Is floating on the ferny sea.

And Katie comes and takes the helm,
And all my fancied sea grows bright,
And on we glide o'er quiet waves,
And leave the fern-bed out of sight ;
And leave the flowers she loved the best,
To whom she seem'd an Angel kind,
To stretch their odours after us
And weep that they remain behind.

But on we pass, in our small bark,
Sitting as King and Queen in state,
O'er lands unknown and lands we knew,
And through the Sunset's golden gate ;
She is a sprite,—I know not how,—
All that she was and something more,
And so we find a blessed star
And steer toward the happy shore.

Bright forms smile on us from the land,
And we advance their bliss to share,
While, losing every taint of Earth,
I also brighten and grow fair ;
We hear the Angels' song of praise,
And softer strains that round us swell,
Transporting us from love to love,
And,—but for waking,—all were well.

THE LEADING STAR.

So fair she was, so pure and true,
In this at least I cannot err
That, now she is far out of sight,
I ever strive to follow her.

The simple wisdom of her life,
Her gentle words and loving deeds,
Might well allure me from the Earth
And make me follow where she leads.

But now she wears a crown of light,
And joins the songs that angels sing,
And so far off she seems from me,
I often faint in following.

“ Where is she ? ” with weak heart I cry,
And think, if I could have her near,
Or even see her as she is,
I then might follow without fear.

Yet angel-voices call me on,
And angel-hands have seal'd my brow,
If I would follow when I die,
I must begin to follow now.

And, though the track is steep and long,
Sometimes I have a vision fair
Of one who looks back with a smile,
And then I seem to tread on air.

I heed not scorn nor present pain
When to my heart such light is given,
Nor care how rough and steep the way,
If in the end it lead to Heaven.



THE LIFE MYSTERY.

HERE, at the centre of Eternity,
I trust in God because I am so weak,
I know my body is no part of me,
But the fine instrument by which I speak ;
I know God's thought is perfectly express'd
In Nature, though we catch but feeble ray,
And that all people are but spirits dress'd
In bodies whence they soon will pass away.

Ghosts crowd and hurry through the street, and such
For centuries have wandered to and fro,
And I look down, and love them just as much
As those who pass'd a thousand years ago.

Shadows of time flit by in days and weeks,
A fading voice is each sweet face of youth,
And I desire to find out Him who speaks,
For there is nothing real but the Truth.

As sunlight in a water-drop I lie,
In garment visible, to make short stay,
For soon the little water will be dry,
And I—the precious light—shall fly away;
Then take what can be but a feeble spark
That from thy chariot-wheels, oh, God, had birth,
And never let it fade into the dark,
But bring it to the light that lights the Earth.

FAILURE.

I TRUST my work has been for good,
And yet the fruits I cannot see,
And so in many things I fail,
But never fail in loving thee.

I fail to lead the higher life
Of which I dreamt in days gone by,
I fail to say what I would say,
However earnestly I try.

I often fail in doing good,
I fail in thought and word and deed,
I fail in hope, I fail in faith,
I fail to gain the love I need.

My mind, in storms of doubt and fear,
Is like a cork upon the sea,
For oft in strength of will I fail,
But do not fail in love for thee.

And so, though nothing can be held,
And all our sweetest joys depart,
I still contrive, with jealous care,
To keep one treasure in my heart.
For thou art never out of reach,
Though in the dust thy form is laid,
Since the weak arms of earthly love
Enfold thee still, oh, dearest shade.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

ONE star I single from the skies,
Which seems to me so bright a thing
That all my thoughts toward it rise
Like little cherubs weak of wing ;
Down-shining so serene and still,
Its look expresses "Come to me,"
But while they soar with feeble will
Come Earth-winds roaring from the sea.
Ah me! they soon forget the star
Whence their delight they lately found,
And with the tempest hurry far
Into the echoless profound ;
Then I am left alone and weep,
And cannot follow where they fly,
But vainly call them from the deep,
"Come back, my children, ere you die!"

ON THE SHORE.

I STRETCH out my arms toward the West,
From the shore of the sea ;
"Come over the wave, oh, fairy bark,
That bring'st my love to me."

It comes from the islands of the blest,
Like a star through the night,
For her beauty, which was here in the bud,
Is now a flower of light.

Will ever the boat, with its precious freight,
Come safely to the shore,
And bring me my lost love back again?
No, never, never more.

Ah! love, why leave me here on the shore?
Infinite is the sea,
And when I go forth in a bark alone
I never may meet with thee.

UNREST.

UNREST, unrest on Earth I find,
And fix my longing gaze on high,
“Oh! could I leave all clouds behind,
And reach yon quiet depth of sky!”

Poor soul that fain would'st fly to rest,
Be still and wait for clearer light;
Sleep, little bird, within the nest,
Until thy wings are grown for flight.

The lark awaits with patient wing
The stainless skies of closing day,
Then rises, and is heard to sing
When every cloud is past away.

MUSIC.

SOMETIMES my thoughts are chain'd to Earth
And troubling dreams around me throng,
But, while I lie cold to the heart,
I hear far off a strain of song ;
Then I am strengthen'd and look up,
And shadows from my vision flee,
For thus it is that, while I sleep,
An angel comes and touches me.

A martial strain thrills through the street,
And then my life that lay in pain,—
A poor lost life—a fallen leaf—
Rises upon the wind again,
Forgets the autumn-tint it wears
And dreams once more of sunny June,
And airs that fann'd its native tree,
But falls with the subsiding tune.

Kathleen, Kathleen, what pow'r is yours
When those small fingers charm the strings !
Then with the magic utterance
My spirit rises as on wings ;
In trance I soar from Earth away,
And, when the blissful dream is past,
I think how better I might be,
Could such a strain for ever last.

It is a spirit voice we hear,
Though few the language understand,
Or dream that echoes down so far
Come wandering from the music-land.
Ah ! child, when I shall leave the Earth,
I'd have you touch the harp once more,
That on the strain my soul might find,
With less of change, the happy shore.

TWO WORLDS.

THERE is a world within us
Concealed from common view :
In two worlds we are living ;
Oh ! which world is the true ?
One world there is at daytime,
That, as a stormy wind,
Will hurry by with clamour,
And leave no peace behind.
But when that world is hidden,
The other wakes to sight,
And all its glories open,
As stars come out at night.
Oh ! in the evening quiet,
When not a soul is near,
Into the world ideal
I travel without fear.
The people of my own world
Will then appear to me
In forms of thought and shadow
That no one else can see.
I tread in joy or sadness,
By pathways little known,
A world in which the spirit
Can never be alone.
And so I am most careful,
In all I say and do,
To guard this world within me,
And make it bright and true.
The outer world is only
A phantom of to-day ;
But the inner world is real,
And cannot pass away.

HERE AND THERE.

How sad it seems to move from place to place,
When happy haunts of childhood slowly wane
In distance, and the long-familiar face
Retires in gloom, and seldom shines again.
The loves of old, the loves so far away,
And things we cannot keep, are shadows all,
And change is weariness while here we stay,
Because we cannot old delights recall.

Oh! blessed are the dead ; in that bright land
Of perfect rest, our little lives above,
They hold their happiness with constant hand,
They never wander far from all they love.
Ah! there the difference lies ; 'tis not alone
That their flow'rs are more splendidly arrayed,
But that they keep these treasures for their own,
While, if we find but one, we see it fade.

THE FLOWER OF FLOWERS.

WE Fairies, in this winter-time of life,
Go seeking flowers to dwell in ; all unblest
We wander through the cold, and stormy strife,
To find a sweet home for our Summer rest.
Some gladly enter the first blossom-group,
Contented with the gaudy and untrue ;
But I, if I be of this Fairy troop,
Must have a perfect flower of lovely hue.

We know there is one flower of highest worth,
Whose seed was kindly sent us from above,
And that sometimes the darkness of the Earth
Is broken by the pure white rose of love :

On thorny stem it grows, far out of sight,
Concealed in tangled woods from careless eye ;
But he that finds it is the happy sprite,
And I go seeking, seeking, till I die.

FLORENCE.

THEY say a man is blinded when he loves,
But I love not, and yet I think her face
Supremely fair ; her form, the way she moves,
To some eyes were uncouth, to mine all grace.
My heart is like a tooth with deaden'd nerve,
And pain of love no more lies aching there ;
But better than man's love she must deserve,
For 'tis her grace of soul that makes her fair.
But though her goodness is so well revealed,
Others perceive not what is plain to me :
As many flowers have beauties half concealed,
And tints which none but loving eyes can see ;
So richest buds lie hid in leafy nest
About the roads of life, and men pass by
And think them common things, and like the rest :—
Is the world blind, I wonder, or am I ?

HOME.

THINK not our lives are bounded every way
Because into the world we seldom roam,
Or that we suffer losses when we stay
Happy within the charmed ring of home.
Not so ; we take all good things Heaven-sent,
With grateful hearts, and from the love of God
Descends no larger blessing than content ;
The world is narrow, but our lives are broad.

Against our windows beat the storms of hate,
With envyings bitter and unloving strife,
And passions wild, by which no man is great ;
What cramps the heart enlarges not the life ;
Our world is wide enough for work and play,
And to our love a magic strength is given,
For now, though little Kate is ta'en away,
Our circle breaks not, but embraces Heaven.

HOME AND REST.

Oh ! where are home and rest
For me distrest ?
Faded are my delights of long ago,
Like melted snow ;
And now I wander in a stormy night,
And grope for light.
I know not where, I know not why I roam—
Can this be home ?

Oh ! where are home and rest
For me unblest ?
If I could gather all I hold most dear,
And keep them near,
And link with love around the evening fire
A ring entire,
Would they not die, and leave me more distrest ?
This is not rest.

In Heaven are home and rest,
Among the blest,
Where all good faces, here bewailed in vain,
Will smile again,
And, like the bird that, after soaring long,
Finds rest in song,
The soul will find in love and loving deeds
The home it needs.

THE POET'S FATE.

Oh ! wherefore is the Poet born ?
To be a sacrifice for good,
And among men to work forlorn,
Unloved, and rarely understood :
Yet treasures to the Earth he brings,
And, by a charm, discovers Truth ;
For her buds open when he sings,
And blossom in perpetual youth.

Oh ! is it not the Poet's fate
To dwell all lonely 'mid the throng ?
The world so seldom finds a mate
For him who is a living song ;
But though 'tis hard to work alone,
And though much sorrow he endure,
He makes a Kingdom of his own,
And, in the end, his crown is sure.

Oh ! is it not the Poet's fate
That scorn shall fall upon his head,
While in the fire of worldly hate
He is refined and perfected ?
Blind men, unknowing what they do,
May cramp and crush his life on Earth ;
But, in the end, if he be true,
His foolish foes shall know his worth.

So is it, and has been too long,
That birds uncouth, of Earthly range,
Disdain to learn a sweeter song,
And hate the bird of plumage strange ;
They fright and drive it to and fro,
But in good time the Heavenly Dove
Descends, and calls it from below,
To come home to her nest of love.

GERALD MASSEY.

WE thank Mr. Massey for enabling us to quote two of the many beautiful compositions which enrich his last volume—"Havelock's March, and other Poems," London: Trübner & Co. The volume is dedicated to Lady Marian Alford, who, from the poem to this book, appears to have warmly encouraged the poet amidst the dark scenes of adversity through which it has been his destiny to pass. He touchingly refers to this circumstance in the eloquent dedicatory stanzas prefixed to the work:—

"Our lost 'Maid Marian' bore your name, and she
Yet works a very tender ministry;
And, somehow, when of her we sit and think,
Our hearts touch you by an invisible link.
Sacred to her, my sadder verses take,
And kindly think of them for Marian's sake."

The painful circumstances of Mr. Massey's early life, and his undeniable claim to universal sympathy and respect; we have already noticed.

MY MAID MARIAN.

SPRING comes with violet eyes unveiled,
Her fragrant lips apart!
And Earth smiles up as tho' she held
Most honeyed thoughts at heart.
But nevermore will Spring arise
Dancing in sparkles of *her* eyes.

A gracious wind low-breathing comes
As from the fields of God;
The old lost Eden newly blooms
From out the sunny sod.
My buried joy stirs with the earth,
And tries to sun *its* sweetness forth.

The trees move in their slumbering,
 Dreaming of one that's near !
Put out their feelers for the Spring,
 To wake, and find her here !
My spirit on the threshold stands,
And stretches out its waiting hands,

Then goeth from me in a stream
 Of yearning ; wave on wave
Slides thro' the stillness of a dream,
 To little Marian's grave :
For all the miracle of Spring,
My long-lost child will never bring.

Where blooms the golden crocus-burst,
 And Winter's tenderling,
There lies our little Snowdrop ! first
 Of Flowers in our love's spring !
How all the year's young beauties blow
About her there, I know, I know. .

The Blackbird with his warble wet,
 The Thrush with reedy thrill,
Open their hearts to Spring, and let
 The influence have its will !
Tho' all around the Spring hath smiled,^s
She seems to have kissed where lies my child.

In purple shadow and golden shine
 Old Arthur's Seat is crowned ;
Like shapes of Silence crystalline
 The great white clouds sail round !
The Dead at rest the long day thro'
Lie calm against the pictured blue.

O Marian, my maid Marian,
So strange it seems to me!
That you, the Household's darling one,
So soon should cease to be.
Ah, was it that our praying breath
Might kindle heavenward fires of faith?

So much forgiven for your sake
When bitter words were said,
And little arms about the neck
With blessings bowed the head!
So happy as we might have been,
Our hearts more close with you between.

Dear early Dew-drop! such a gleam
Of sun from heaven you drew,
We little thought that smiling beam
Would drink our precious dew!
But back to heaven our dew was kissed,
We saw it pass in mournful mist.

Our lowly home was lofty-crowned
With three sweet budding girls!
Our sacred marriage-ring set round
With darling wee love-pearls!
One jewel from the ring is gone,
One fills a grave in Warriston.

We bore her beauty in our breast,
As heaven bears the Dawn,
We brooded over her dear nest,
Still close and closer drawn.
Hearts thrilled and listened and throbbed
And strayed not,—yet the nest was robbed!

“Stay yet a little while, Beloved !”
In vain our prayerful breath :
Across heaven’s lighted window moved
The shadow of black Death.
In vain our hands were stretcht to save ;
There closed the gateways of the Grave !

Could my death-vision have darkened up
In her sweet face, my child ;
I scarce should see the bitter cup,
I could have drank and smiled :
Blessing her with my last-wrung breath,
Dear Angel in my dream of death.

Her memory is like music we
Have heard some singer sing,
That thrills life thro’, and echoingly
Our hearts for ever ring ;
We try it o’er and o’er again,
But ne’er recall that wondrous strain.

My proud heart like a river runs,
Lying awake o’ nights ;
I see her with the shining Ones
Upon the shining heights ;
And a wee Angel-face will peep
Down starlike thro’ the veil of sleep.

My yearnings try to get them wings
And float me up afar,
As in the Dawn the sky-lark springs
To reach some distant Star
That all night long swam down to him
In brightness, but at morn grew dim.

She is a spirit of light that leavens
The darkness where we wait ;
And starlike opens in the heavens
A little golden gate !
O may we wake and find her near
When work and sleep are over here !

No sweetness to this world of ours
Is without purpose given,
The fragrance that goes up from flowers
May be their seed in Heaven.
We saw Heaven in her face, may we
Her future face in Heaven see.

In some far spring of brighter bloom,
More life, and ampler breath,
My bud hath burst the folding gloom,
A-flower from dusty death !
We wonder will she be much grown ?
And how will her new name be known ?

I saw her ribboned robe this morn,
Mine own lost little child ;
Wee shoes her tiny feet had worn,
And then my heart grew wild.
We only trust our hearts to peep
In on them when we want to weep.

But hearts will break or eyes must weep,
And so we bend above
These treasures of old days that keep
The fragrance of young love.
The harvest-field tho' reapt and bare
Hath yet a patient gleaner there.

I never think of her sweet eyes
In dusky death now dim,
But waters of my heart will rise,
And there they smile and swim,
Forget-me-nots so blue, so dear,
Swim in the waters of a tear.

How often in the days gone by
She lifted her dear head,
And stretcht wee arms for me to lie
Down in her little bed ;
And cradled in my happy breast
Was softly carried into rest.

And now when life is sore oppressed
And runs with weary wave,
I long to lay me down and rest
In little Marian's grave ;
To smile as peaceful as she smiled—
For I am now the nestling child.

Immortal Love, a spirit of bliss
And brightness, moves above,
While here forever Sorrow is
The shadow cast by Love,
But love for her no sorrow will bring
And no more tearful leaves-taking.

No passing sorrows on their march
Will leave sad foot-prints now,
No troubles strain the tender arch
Of that white baby brow.
No cares to cloud, no tears that come
To rob the cheek of pearly bloom.

All sweetest shapes that Beauty wears
Are round about her drawn ;
Auroral bloom, and vernal airs,
And blessings of the dawn :
All loveliness that ne'er grows less ;
Time cannot touch her tenderness.

One sparkle of immortal light
Our love for her shall shine
In the dew-drop that nestles white
At heart with gleam divine,
But vanishes from Death's cold clasp,
When he the flower of life doth grasp.

The patient calm that comes with years,
Hath made us cease to fret ;
Only at times in sudden tears
Dumb hearts will quiver yet :
And each one turns the face and tries
To hide WHO looks thro' parent eyes.



A LETTER IN BLACK.

A FLOATING on the fragrant flood
Of summer,—fuller hour by hour,—
With all the sweetness of the bud
Crowned by the glory of the flower ;
My spirits with the season flowed ;
The air was all a breathing balm ;
The lake so softly sapphire glowed ;
The mountains lay in royal calm.
Green leaves were lusty ; roses blusht
For pleasure in the golden time ;
The birds thro' all their feathers flusht
For gladness of their marriage prime :

Languid, among the lilies I threw
 Me down, for coolness, 'mid the sheen :
Heaven—one large smile of brooding blue ;
 Earth— one large smile of basking green.

A rich suspended shower of gold
 Hung o'er me, my Laburnum-crown,
You look up heavenward and, behold,
 It glows, and comes in glory down !
There, as my thoughts of greenness grew
 To fruitage of a leafy dream,—
There, friend, your letter thrilled me through,
 And all the summer-day was dim.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
 So full of voices blithe and brave,
And all her lamps of beauty alight
 With life ! I had forgot the Grave :
And there it opened at my feet,
 Revealing a familiar face
Uprturned, my whitened look to meet,
 And very patient in its place.

My poor bereaven friend ! I know
 Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,—
 A little love for comforting :
And yet the best that I can say
 Will only help to sum your loss ;
I can but look above, and pray
 God help my friend to bear his Cross.

I have felt something of your smart,
 And lost the dearest thing e'er wound
In love about a human heart :
 I, too, have life-roots underground.

From out my soul hath leapt a cry
For help! Nor God himself could save:
And tears still run that nought will dry,
Save Death's hand with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
These hidden secrets of his love;
But now the stillness stuns us so;
Darkly, as in a dream, we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go
Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low;
The flowers are saying something sweet;

And 'tis a merry world. The lark
Is singing over the green corn;
Only the house and heart are dark,—
Only the human world forlorn.
There, in the bridal chamber, lies
A dear bed-fellow all in white;
That purple shadow under the eyes,
Where star-fire swam in liquid night.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk;
The music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways, and wedded walk,
For many and many a golden year;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad by roughest road;
Gone! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves for us and glowed.

The waiting Angel, patient Wife,
All thro' the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified!

When waves of trouble beat breast high
And the heart sank, she poured a balm
That stilled them ; and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world with harvest ripe
In all its golden fulness lay ;
And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe,
Even on earth, all tears away ;
The good true heart, that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face and fall ;
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end. And is this all ?

The bloom of bliss, the secret glow,
That clothed without, and inly curled,
All gone, we are left shivering now,
Naked to the wide open world !
A shrivelled, withered, world it is,
And sad and miserably cold ;
Where be its vaunted braveries ?
'Tis gray, and miserably old.

Our joy was all a drunken dream ;
This is the truth at waking ! we
Are swept out rootless by the stream
And current of calamity—
Out on some lone and shoreless sea
Of solitude so vast and deep,
As 'twere a wrong Eternity,
Where God is not, or gone to sleep.

It seems as tho' our darling dead,
Startled at Death's so sudden call,
With falling hands and dear bowed head
Had, like a flower-filled lap, let fall

A hoard of treasures we have found
Too late! so slow doth wisdom come!
We for the first time look around
Remembering this is not our home.

My friend, I see you with your cup
Of tears and trembling—see you sit;
And long to help you drink it up,
With useless longings infinite!—
Sit rocking the old mournful thought,
That on the heart's blood will be nurst,
Unless the blessed tears be brought;
Unless the cloudy sorrows burst.

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for awhile they will not miss
The Mother-wings above the nest:
But down a dream they feel her kiss,
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With moanings that must thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.

And Sorrow on your threshold stands,
The Dark Ladye in glooming pall:
I see her take you by the hands;
I feel her shadow over all.
Hers is no warm and tender clasp;
With silence solemn as the night's,
And veiled face, and mighty grasp,
She leads her Chosen up the heights:

The cloudy crags are cold and gray,
You cannot scale them without scars:
So many Martyrs by the way,
Who never reacht her tower of stars,

But there her beauty shall be seen,
Her glittering face so proudly pure ;
And all her majesty of mien ;
And all her guerdon shall be sure.

Well. 'Tis not written, God will give
To his Beloved only rest !
The hard life of the cross they live,
They strive, and suffer, and are blest.
The feet must bleed to reach their throne,
The brow must burn before it bear
One of the crowns that may be won,
By workers for immortal wear.

Dear friend, life beats tho' buried 'neath
Its long black vault of night ; and see
There trembles thro' this dark of death,
Starlight of immortality.
And yet shall dawn the eternal day.
To kiss the eyes of them that sleep ;
And He shall wipe all tears away
From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
In such a weary world of care,
To think that we have friends in heaven ;
Who helpt us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep thro' outer dark
To day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be ;
On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.

Love deep as death, and rich as rest ;
Love that was love with all Love's might ;
Level to needs the lowliest ;
Will not be less Love at full-height.

Tho' earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit may be nigher ;
The music chord the same at heart,
Tho' one should range an octave higher.
Eyes watch us that we cannot see ;
Lips warn us which we may not kiss ;
They wait for us, and starrily,
Lean toward us from Heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face,
But love is nearness ; and they love
Us yet, nor change, with change of place,
In their more human world above,
Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a marriage feast,
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

ROWLAND BROWN.

Particulars have already been given respecting the works of this writer ; but it should be stated that the following effusions marked with an asterisk were written before the publication of the last edition of the author's volume entitled " Lily Leaves," and that they appear for the first time in this collection.

* UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Under the holly bough
Come gather now,
Ye who can love with hearts true and sincere ;
Let us all wrongs forget,
Quenching each vain regret,
Cheering with gladness the death of the year !

Under the holly bough
Come gather now :
Phantoms of heart and brain, hence ! hence depart ;
What though through sleet and snow
Coldly the north winds blow,
Sweetest of summer is that of the heart !

Under the holly bough
Come gather now,
Ye whose unkindness makes sufferers still ;
Join now, join heart and hand,
While o'er the happy land
Ring the glad tidings of peace and good-will.

Under the holly bough
Come gather now,
Ye who make earth seem a Paradise dear ;
And may our Friend above
Grant *all* whom here we love,
A right merry Christmas and happy new year.

* HALLOWED GROUND.

STAY, this is hallowed ground !
Here doth my heart from eager longings rest,
For guardian angels that encamp around
Scatter, like flowers, sweet thoughts within my breast.
Ministering spirits, loving hearts, bright eyes,
Make this Earth's Paradise.

Yea, 'tis a hallowed spot,
Haunted by thousand dear associations,
That will cling round me whatsoe'er my lot.
Birthplace of joyous hopes, bright aspirations,
Holy and precious spells are round thee cast,
Heaven of the blissful past !

Crowds may pass hourly by
This bright oasis and no charm discern,
No beauteous scene may captivate the eye,
Nor cause one with a tear or sigh to turn ;
But oh ! they know not joys that here abound,
Making this hallow'd ground !

Ah ! no, they do not hear,
Borne on the breeze that sighs around the place,
Words of the loved and true—the doubly dear ;
Nor can they see the hidden forms of grace,
The fairies of the bright, the happy ring,
Of which with joy I sing.

A Mother's voice so sweet
Floats in rich music on the pleasant air ;
Her voice, which bade my infant lips repeat
Before the throne of God its first fond prayer,
Her gentle touch—and oh ! her loving kiss,
Make this a realm of bliss.

A Father's manly form,
Who with unyielding will with toil has striven,
And battled nobly 'gainst life's adverse storm,
Looking with faithful heart in trust to heaven—
Oh ! the strong love which burns within his breast
Makes this spot doubly blest.

Here, too, beam loving eyes
Of two sweet spirits, pride of boyhood's hours,
Sisters, who dwell as angels in disguise,
Whose love has filled for me life's vase with flowers ;
Their dear, dear names upon my soul engraven,
Wake holy dreams of heaven !

And here are gather'd, too,
Companions of my joys, each with a hand
And heart determined, both to dare and do ;
With smiles of love upon their cheeks they stand
With fame unsullied.—Blest be this spot of earth,
Blest for each brother's birth.

Angels of peace and love,
Smile on this happy spot, around it roam—
Showering Heaven-blossoms from the land above
To bloom afresh within this cherish'd home !
Keep death and danger distant from its door,
And, hovering near, oh ! bless it evermore !

1857.



TWO YEARS OLD.

OH ! little, rare, and radiant face
That smilest up to God,
The flowers of life seem lovelier where
Thy tiny feet have trod !

I never thought so wee a thing
So large a joy could bring ;
I never pictured so much bliss
Could bless Love's fairy ring ;
For never was a spot so charm'd
By spell of elf or fairy,
As our fond hearts and happy home
By little Katie Mary.

So beautiful, so wonderful
Her little ways unfold,
I almost wish she'd always be
The pet of two years old ;
For never did I think to life
Belong'd delights so sweet,
Before I kiss'd her dimpled cheeks,
And heard her pattering feet.
Oh ! then within Love's fairy ring
God guard this little Fairy,
And guardian angels hover close
Round darling Katie Mary.

Yea, bless ! and may this bud of Hope
With angel-grace expand ;
God ! keep the haunting terror off
Of Death's remorseless hand.
Oh ! Thou who lovest us to feel
Thou hast a Father's heart,
Grant that our souls be spared the pang
With so much joy to part.
And as with innocence divine
Smiles now our infant Fairy,
With soul as pure in womanhood
May bloom our Katie Mary !

* CHILD FANCIES.

I DO remember when a child how well I lov'd to roam
The God-crown'd grand old hills that stand around my
native home ;
To feel the spells of poetry that ever came to me
With wailing of the phantom winds, or murmurs of the
sea ;
And I look'd as on a gift of God on each flower's tinted
cup,
Which seem'd with still small fragrant voice to say,
" O child, look up !"
And I remember with delight the fancies strange and
sweet
That sprung in my heart, as flowers spring in the
print of fairy feet.
I thought when I've watched the sun go down in the
glory-glowing west,
God goes to His palace " Beautiful " where saints and
angels rest.
And if a cloud its shadow cast upon the hills and sea,
I do remember still the fear that fell like grief on me :
'Tis the frown of an angry God, I said, and, like an
awful gate,
Shuts out some soul that seeks for Heaven, too late ! too
late ! too late !
And I thought each star was a saintly soul, that was
set in a crown above,
For beacons to light my heart in its way to the holy
land of love—
And I joy'd to look on the Pleiades, for I thought
those stars so bright
Were the souls of a family whose love was so pure in
its first delight,
Death did not dare to separate—and so the happy
seven
Journey'd together the starry path that stretches up to
Heaven !

GOING TO SCHOOL.

LITTLE NORAH, with her lightly dancing auburn curls,
Pretty face of rosy dimples, loved by all the boys and
girls,
Every morning passes by my window with such
joyous looks,
That I often wait to watch her with her slate and
lesson-books;
Always with a glad "Good morning," cheerily she
passes by,
Music in her merry voice, and pleasure beaming from
her eye;
Never childishly complaining of the master's iron rule,
Always cheerful is the picture—Little Norah going to
school.

Ah! my child, yea, less of wisdom sages have in fable
wrought,
Than the philosophic moral thou unconsciously hast
taught;
For I often stay and loiter, dreading all the city's din,
Dreading oftentimes my labours ere my duties I begin;
But thou teachest how my task-work may become
delightful too,
How I may discover daily joys in all I have to do;
And I learn this consolation—Toils are but life-lessons
given
By the great Almighty Master, educating souls for
Heaven!

OF AGE.

TO MY BROTHER.

HERE's a blessing on thee, Brother—
A blessing full and free,
And to-day no common blessing
We ask of Heaven for thee ;
For though thou art surrounded
By fondest hearts of love,
So much thou'st never needed
Strength from the Strong above !
To boyhood's dreams of beauty
Thou bidd'st to-day farewell,
For manhood's cares and duty
Twine round thee now their spell.
Thou'st gain'd the glorious birthright,
Improve it as ye can,
The evermore illustrious,
The God-given title—Man !
Brother, this is no empty name,
No vain or foolish cheat,
But, kept with high unsullied faith,
'Twill make existence sweet !
God grant then, Brother, thou may'st prove
In all thou'lt have to do—
A man who lives to aid with love
The beautiful and true.
Aye, in Life's field of battle,
True-hearted take thy stand,
Looking to God to guide thee
With His unerring hand.
Sworn friend to truth and justice,
Sworn foe to sin and shame,
Aye be a man in spirit
Not only as in name !

With heart not merely manly
In sunny hours of weal,
But when the suffering round thee
For sympathy appeal.
Too manly for oppression,
And man enough to scorn
Motives and false professions
That are ignobly born.

With heart from truth unswerving
Inaugurate this day
By some resolve, God giving strength,
Which shall become thy stay.
Make this a maxim for thy life,
'Midst scenes of hate and sin,
Fearless of Man—"I will obey
The still small voice within."

* RELICS.

How often round some trifling thing,
A tress of hair—a wither'd flower,
Life's dear associations cling
With strangely fascinating power.
Sometimes some half-forgotten strain,
Or some torn letter's tear-blurred line,
Will wake with mingled joy and pain
Thoughts of the days of auld-lang-syne.

So, Jeanie, came the reverie
Of days of first love long gone by,
When 'mong some relics dear to me
Your wedding favours met mine eye.

I lived again those passionate hours,
When standing at the altar-side
I saw another's hand in yours—
I heard another call you "Bride."
And then on Memory's wings afar,
My thoughts were borne to earlier days,
When you, Love's radiant morning star,
Fill'd my young heart with thrilling praise;
And I remember with what pride
I blended with my songs your name
When you stood smiling by my side
From whom the inspiration came.
Oh! Jeanie, ever must it seem
A mystery with a meaning strange,
That such a glorious morning dream
Should know so marvellous a change.
I know we long have ceased to love,
That we have almost learn'd to hate
The things which once all else above
Made our young souls with joy elate!
I often think how once we met—
Of many and many a fond embrace,
Of vows we plighted to forget,
Of smiles that glorified your face—
How I at eve, with eager feet,
Would run to clasp you to my heart;
How early and how fond to meet,
How late and loth we were to part.
And yet the right to call you "dear"
Has long unenvied passed away;
I look without a sigh or tear
On relics of your marriage-day.
Surely such wondrous changes must
Have some wise purposes conceal'd;
Are they decreed with angel-trust
That truer love may be reveal'd?

* THE RED GERANIUM.

A SILENT footstep passed on
Over the snow, the white, white snow ;
The fondlings of summer all had flown,
And the blast sobb'd aloud, aloud with woe,
Passing on, passing on,
Over the white, white snow !

A grim and a ghastly spectre flew—
He look'd on the Red Geranium flower,
The last that smiled 'neath eyes o' blue ;
But his glance was a glance of fatal power—
It droop'd, it fell,
In the night, in the still deep midnight hour !

The silent footstep passèd on
Over the snow, the white, white snow ;
The spectre watch'd till the rosy dawn—
Then, a sound came out of the house, of woe—
The cry and the wail of breaking hearts,
And mourners were rushing to and fro !

The sweet Geranium flower had fled—
I saw it lie on the window-sill,
And it seem'd to say, "I am glad I am dead,
Since she who lov'd me lies so still ;
Since all is drear, so chill and drear,
Over the valley and silent hill !"

Spring came, but the red flowers bloom no more ;
Spring came, but there was a fearful hush—
The sunbeams shone as they shone before,
But where were the cheeks that joy might flush ?
Far away, far away,
Fresh flowers on the bosom of angels blush !

The lark high up in the Heavens has risen ;
Sing on—for I dream her lips so sweet
Shower musical words from the gates of heaven—
From the leaves, too, cometh a sound of feet—
But a voice I hear as I drop a tear,
“ Weep not, for we soon, we soon shall meet !

* THE FROZEN HEART.

THE last flower withers on the lea,
The biting blast blows bleak and chill ;
Yet, Robin, dost thou come to me,
Though shivering at my window-sill.
Come in, and tell me, little one,
Of the cold wintry world outside,
Its dying flowers, its clouded sun,
And the cold river's ice-bound tide—
Tell me how mockingly the wind
Breaks on the bosom of the sea,
And tell me all that thou canst find
In winter time to comfort thee.
Yes, tell me with thy sweetest note,
Though all thou lovest best depart,
The sweet strains from thy tiny throat
Rise from a never frozen heart.
But for thy music, little bird,
To Heaven thanksgivings shall ascend,
In gratitude that I have heard,
And found in thee a little friend ;
For soon life's winter-time will come,
The snows of age fall thick and fast,
Flower after flower from my home
Has fall'n 'neath Death's relentless blast.

The heart of man I know grows cold,
The hand now warm soon chill'd may be ;
But He who on the frozen wold
Sustains thee, then will comfort me !
And I will pray like thee to grow
When friends and fondest hopes depart—
Like thee, who, 'midst the ice and snow,
Sings't with a glad, contented heart.

TO STEPHEN PINCKNEY, ESQ.

LET all who will seek fellowship
With those whose wealth we find
Is cursed by that most fatal curse,
The Poverty of Mind.
Who share no sympathy with men
Struggling against the waves of strife,
Who with the loom, plough, press, or pen,
Labour for honest life.
Let those who will 'midst courtly scenes
Seek smiles from Emperors, Kings, or Queens—
Rather ten thousand times give me
A genuine-hearted friend like thee.
The grasp of honest hands like thine,
Warm with the welcome of the heart,
Makes Friendship seem a thing divine,
Of Heaven a hallow'd part.
And if I boast of aught God sends,
To sweeten this strange life of mine,
It is upon my list of friends
To find a worthy name like thine—
For rather would I write my name
On one true heart that I can trust
Than see it on the scroll of Fame,
Or carved on storied urn or bust !

THE BROKEN VOW.

BENEATH the sun's bright rays, which seemed like the
glances from God's eye,
Two hearts pledged that their love should never, never
die.

Leila the beautiful, the regal hearted Leila, whisper'd,
"Be it so, my life,
My hopes, my all, I give thee, with the right to call me
wife."

Proudly her lover raised his head. He felt from his
being break
The grand desire of growing great in the world's eye
for her sake.
Their lips seal'd the sweet promise, "She'd be true to
him for aye,"
And never beam'd the sunshine as it beam'd upon that
day!

But scarcely had the sun gone down on that bright day
of love,
When such radiance and such glory seem'd to fall from
lands above;
But with the night a shadowy hand between their
hearts was spread,
And it touched the virgin tree of Love, and struck its
blossoms dead.

The shadowy phantom's name was Fear. He touch'd
the rosy dream,
He scatter'd life's ambrosial flowers on Lethe's rolling
stream;
The world put on its best disguise, and so deceived her
heart,
That for its false, cold shallowness, she vow'd with
Truth to part.

Pride shook the pillars of her soul—so fell the spells of
Trust,
And the fairy temple Love had rear'd was crumbled
into dust ;
And never was such ruin wrought, so desolate to see,
For where implicit Faith is not, ah ! Love can never be.

Her guardian angel mournfully sigh'd, and dropt a
silent tear,
And spoke with a still small voice within, but the
maiden would not hear ;
And so she spread her wings, for she said, " Love is
my home away,
And from the heart that drives it forth I must away—
away !"

Leila the beautiful—the regal-hearted Leila—walk'd
amidst the grand and great,
In the proud saloon as beauty's queen—yet often
desolate ;
For from one breaking heart, as from some sad Æolian
harp,
A strain of piercing music smote her soul with anguish
sharp.

'Neath fashion's glittering chandeliers, the envy of the
proud,
Around her press'd the flatterers of the shallow-hearted
crowd ;
Many a one sought the light of her smile, and when
she stood apart
Many a one sought her hand, alas ! who cared not for
her heart.

Till she felt she had bartered wealth of soul for a
wealth of falser power,
She felt the glory fading from her presence every hour ;

And oft, when alone in the still midnight, she stretched
her hands to pray
For the touch of her guardian angel, and the light of
that summer day.

“Come back,” she cried, “come back,” the shadowy
hand was cursed ;
“My soul is yours, like a dying flower for Love my
heart’s athirst.
I feel there’s not a secret hope I would not give him
now,
For I never knew a happy day since I broke my
plighted vow !”

SEPARATION.

I saw a beautiful maiden stand by the desolate shore of
the yearning sea,
Turning her face away from the land, and sobbing, “God
bring him back safe to me.”
She was straining her eyes with a passionate gaze to see
the last of a vanishing sail,
As the ship with its precious freight was borne away
by the prosperous gale.

I saw how she watch’d the horizon, till the ship became
but a speck ;
I saw how wildly she waved her hand to some one on
the deck ;
But as she beckon’d in vain ye could almost hear her
troubled heart beat,
As she wish’d she could be like the ship far at sea
where Heaven and Earth seem’d to meet.

And I thought, how little for her sweet sake to have
fluttered a kerchief over the sea,
When the false one knew how dear a joy that poor last
solace to her would be ;
What a thrill of peace for a moment would numb the
gnawing pain,
Which preys on the heart when it feels that it loves
and can never be loved again.

The sun shone brightly across the waves as they danced
in the floods of golden light,
And children were playing upon the sands, shouting
and singing in child-delight,
And crowds of men and women passed by, who saw
not the maiden there,
Who felt too much of grief in themselves another's
sorrow to share.

Ah me ! what a fatal picture of Life ! how many true
hearts are torn in twain,
Cruelly parted without a Farewell, who yearn for some
token of Love in vain,
Who now, while Life's dark sea divides them, stand on
its desolate shore,
With a yearning, wailing cry to God, for the joys that
are no more !

CHARLES SWAIN.

IN preceding volumes of the " Poetical Souvenir " we have testified our appreciation of the lyrical faculties of this esteemed writer, and we again acknowledge our obligations for permission to make the following extracts from his collected works.

DAY.

DAY on the mountain, the beautiful day !
And the torrents leap forth in the pride of his ray ;
The chamois awakes from her wild mountain dream
And bounds in the gladness and life of his beam ;
And the horn of the hunter is sounding away,
Light, light on the hills, 'tis the beautiful Day !
Day in the valley, the rivulet rolls
Cloudless and calm as the home of our souls ;
The harvest is waning, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour ;
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley, Day, beautiful Day !
Oh, solemn and sad his far setting appears,
When the last ray declines and the flowers are in tears,
When the shadows of evening like death-banners wave,
And the darkness encloses the world like a grave ;
Yet the sun like the soul shall arise from decay,
And again light the world with Day, beautiful Day !

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its hue,
And Paradise, unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew ;

Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song ;
And, oh ! that ever hearts could roam,—
Could quit for sin that seraph throng !

But there the spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our visions fall ;
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet
Weep angel-tears for human thrall ;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine ;
And hearts that ever bow'd to love,
First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,
Language that bath in life no sound
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it Memory's tear,
Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf ;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,
It is the spirit power within,
Which melts and moves our souls, to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For Heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, not yet our reach beyond,
And we are watch'd by angels' eyes,
With hope and faith still fond !

I well believe a spirit dwells
Within the flower ! least changed of all
That of the pass'd Immortal tells—
The glorious meeds before man's fall ;

Yet, still, though I should never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine.

YEARS TO COME.

A DAY will dawn I ne'er shall see ;
A night will set I ne'er shall know ;
The wave-tides of humanity
Thus ever circle, to and fro.

The dew with gems shall bead the flower,
The bird make rich the morn with song ;
And mind, still climbing hour by hour,
Find worlds beyond the starry throng.

Years shall return to future years
What ages unto them have given,
And that high power which faith reveals,
Grasp the fixed points of Earth and Heaven.

The boy shall loiter through the lane,
With school-ward footsteps short and slow :
Afraid each moment to remain,
And yet still more afraid to go.

Ah, priceless years ! if boyhood knew
The mark and value of such time ;
Ah, happy school ! could youth but view
The future—and its paths sublime.

What younger Howard then might feel—
What other Wilberforce arise—
What Burke assert the general weal—
What Rosse or Newton span the skies ?

The joys, the hopes, the interests,
That animate the bosom now,
Shall lend their glow to other breasts,
And flush the young enthusiast's brow.

The majesty of manhood then
May aim at some diviner worth,
And progress grant to future men
A wider brotherhood on earth!

What theory shall then succeed?
What deeper power—what newer theme—
What fresh discovery supersede
The electric flash—the steed of steam?

Who'll be the bard to England dear,
When centuries have filed and fled?
Or who the statesman crowds will cheer,
Worthy the Peels or Chathams dead?

The passions that distract mankind—
The pride—the envy—and mistrust—
Shall they be scatter'd on the wind
That lifts the banner of the just?

Shall Christian sense e'er sheath the sword?
Shall simple justice rule the land?
Shall law its shield of right afford,
A right that all may understand?

The languid sun fades in the sky,
The sap within the tree droops low;
The cold wind whispers winter nigh,
And soon the last lorn leaf must go!

Yet he who all in change can find
A providence of goodness shown,
He who is ruler o'er his mind
Is more than he who rules a throne.

A day shall come I ne'er shall see ;
A day when heart and tongue lie dumb ;
That day, oh Lord, be thou with me—
And oh, on earth, Thy kingdom come !

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew ;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playing,
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu !
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn, sweet morn ! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm ;
So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flick'ring faint and low,
By which a grey-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go ;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

EDWARD CAPERN.

IN a former volume we gave a sketch of Mr. Capern's interesting career, who, as the rural postman-poet of Bideford, has deservedly received the warmest encouragement from the public and the press for the two volumes of poems which he has published.

THE CHAUNT OF LIFE.

MERRILY, merrily goes the world,
Merrily, merrily ;
Merrily goes with a lightsome bound,
Giving a loud and joyous sound,
Cheerily, cheerily.
Hark ! how the teeming peoples sing ;
Come, let us make the blue skies ring ;
Earth is a golden treasure hoard,
And every day is a banquet board ;
Merrily goes the old world round,
Merrily, merrily.

Heavily, heavily moves the world,
Heavily, heavily :
Listen, O Earth, thy mourners sing,
The Angel of Death is on the wing,
Gloomily, gloomily.
The pride of our homes is stricken low,
The rose that was red is white as snow ;
Slowly the weepers come and go,
Singing, " The earth is a place of woe !"
Woefully, woefully.

Mournfully, mournfully glooms the sky,
Mournfully, mournfully ;
Mournfully troop the black clouds by,
Mournfully, mournfully.

Listen, O, list to the weeper's wail,
"When shall the Angel of Life prevail?
Earth thou art naught but a charnel hole,
A deep, dark prison-house of the soul."
Mournfully, mournfully glooms the sky,
Mournfully, mournfully.
Merrily let the old world ring,
Merrily, merrily;
The dead ones are buried, the living sing,
Merrily, merrily;
"Tis well to be sad when death is here,
But sadness should go with the dead one's bier;
Is not the earth a treasure hoard,
And every day a banquet board?"
Merrily let the old world ring,
Merrily, merrily.

ROSA BRIGHT.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)

UP at rosy morning,
Carolling away;
Trilling through the noontide
Like a bird o' May;
Storing at the even
Visions for the night,
Who is happier than she,
Pretty Rosa Bright?
Tell me, lovely maiden,
Living in the vale—
Listen, brawny laddie,
Hearken to my tale—
Have you seen my darling,
Clad in kirtle white,
Asking if her Colin seeks
Dimpled Rosa Bright?

Down upon the thyme-bank
Pretty Rosa lies,
Singing merry love-notes,
Glancing at the skies.
There she was this morning,
There she is to-night,
Asking if her Colin seeks
Pretty Rosa Bright.

“Meet me by the thyme-bank,”
Pretty Rosa said ;
“Meet me when the Night Queen
Walketh overhead.”
Love delights to whisper
Secrets in the night :
I am off a-wooing now,
Pretty Rosa Bright.

MRS. A. M. GIFFARD.

WE feel much pleasure in directing attention to the compositions of this accomplished writer. The following poems, full of singularly elegant descriptions, may worthily be treasured among our selections.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

THERE is a shadow on the wall,
Which comes between my rest and me ;
No sound upon mine ear doth fall,
There is no living form to see ;
But there's the shadow in my way,
Which never leaves me, night or day.

I strive to shut it from my sight,
But Conscience tells me it is there ;
I kneel beside my bed at night—
Nor heart—nor tongue—can utter prayer,
For there's the shadow in my way,
Which will not let me sleep or pray.

I wander, listless, through the street,
I sit upon this lowly tomb :
There, many a well-known face I meet—
Here, all is solitude and gloom ;
But there, and here, by night and day,
That shadow rises pale and gray.

It is *her* shadow that I see.
Her shadow ! Oh, so young and fair
She was too angel-pure for me,
My heart too black for her to share ;
But yet I strove her love to win,
And striving, steeped my soul in sin.

How many years ! how many years !
 (I dare not count them if I could)
 Has the remembrance of her tears
 Come up before me like a flood !
 But ah ! nor dove, nor brightening sky,
 Brings peace or promise from on high.
 * * * * *

We stood upon the river's edge,
 He, she, and I—we three alone ;
 A lily blossom'd near the sedge,
 The sunlight on its petals shone ;
 He forward stepp'd—the dazzling light,
 The treach'rous sedge, deceived his sight.

He slipp'd and fell : he could not swim :
 And thus, entangled by the weeds
 Which grew all round and under him,
 He snatch'd in vain the bending reeds,
 Then deeper—deeper—deeper sank,
 While she stood helpless on the bank.

I might have rush'd into the flood—
 I'd breasted many a deeper tide ;
 I might have saved him if I would :
 Saved him—that *she* might be his bride !
 A demon whisper'd, passing by,
 “ SHE MAY BE THINE, IF HE BUT DIE ! ”

I turn'd from her appealing eyes,
 But saw her shadow in the wave :
 With arms uplifted to the skies
 She call'd on Heaven and me to save :
 I heard her dismal, piercing cry,
 “ Oh ! do not leave him there to die ! ”

"I come to thee, belov'd, I come—
Since other aid has been denied—
To save thee, or to share thy doom :
Life is not life, but by thy side !
Nay, let me leave this cheerless place :
'Tis worse than death to miss *his* face !"

I know not how I drew her out,
For I was madden'd by my grief ;
A moment more—I heard a shout,
And others came to my relief.
They bore her silently away,
And left me in my mute dismay.

All night I linger'd near her door,
While pale forms flitted to and fro ;
I questioned each one o'er and o'er,
And met their looks of silent woe :
Yes—she was dying—close to heaven,
And I was living—unforgiven !

Oh, how I long'd that voice to hear,
If only for a moment's space !
Though bitter words I well might fear,
And scorn and hatred in her face.
I thought 'twere better bear *that* pain,
Than never look on her again.

When weary night withdrew her shroud,
And careless grief left doors unlock'd,
I stole amid the tearful crowd,
That near the lov'd one's chamber flock'd :
How could I dare to stand among
Those bleeding hearts—that stricken throng ?

They let me pass without a word,
 As if unconscious I was there ;
 To warn me backward no one stirred ;
 They did not see, or did not care.
 I came and stood beside her bed—
 Sorrow of sorrows !—she was dead !
 But there's her shadow evermore,
 Just as I saw it in the wave ;
 With arms uplifted to implore
 Her lover's rescue from the grave ;
 And still I hear her mournful cry—
 " Oh ! do not leave him there to die !"
 It rings for ever in my ear,
 'Twill haunt me downward to the grave :
 Oh ! welcome death !—if death be near—
 As freedom to the tortured slave—
 Welcome to me, as friend to friend,
 So let this weary struggle end.
 But when I've left this world of strife—
 When all things earthly fade away—
 Will the dark shadow of my life
 Dissolve before the Eternal Day ?—
 * * * * *
 That day whose light is bright as seven ?
 NO SHADE OF SIN CAN ENTER HEAVEN.

DESMOND TO ELLEN.

OH ! God be with the time,* Ellen,
 When you and I were young ;
 When life and love were in their prime,
 And heart to heart we clung.

* This is a common phrase in Ireland, when speaking of a thing gone by.

When I never had a wish or thought,
But sprung from love of you,
And all the world might go for naught,
So you were kind and true.

Oh! God be with the time, Ellen,
When I dreamt you were my wife ;—
The village bells rang out their chime,
And I called you, “ Mine for life.”
To me the cold November sky
Glowed like a summer sun ;
And though many a friendly face was nigh,
Mine eyes could see but one.

But my dream did not come true, Ellen,
And that day never came ;
For I heard a whisper strange and new,—
That whisper breath’d your name.
’Twas said, “ You were not mine,” Ellen,
“ That they had right to know——”
I did not wait to hear the sign
That told them it was so.

I hastened to your home, Ellen,
And met you at the door ;
I saw you guessed why I had come,
Though you strove to pass it o’er.
I took your cold, reluctant hand,
Just as I used of old ;
And while your downcast face I scann’d,
That face your secret told.

Yes—the day had come at last, Ellen,
When I knew you as you were ;
And I sadly parted with the past,
In which you had a share.

My hope in this wide world was gone,
And all reproaches vain ;
My heart is chill'd, and turn'd to stone,
'Twill never love again.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

(FOR MUSIC.)

FILLED with odour were these flowers,
Pluck'd long years ago by thee ;
Shadows now of brighter hours,
Dearer than fresh flowers to me.
Though no perfume lingers o'er them,
Though so wither'd—faded—dead—
Every leaf brings some remembrance
Of the days for ever fled.

Hopes which never can return
Fill'd my heart when near to thee ;
Sun, and moon, and stars may burn,
But they bring no light to me.
Wintry days are all before me,
Tears fall fast as wintry showers ;
These are all that Time has left me—
Wither'd Hopes and wither'd Flowers.

DAVID HERBISON.

IN an old number of the "Dublin University Magazine" we first noticed the name of David Herbison, in an article on Poems, Poetry, and Poets. The writer informs us that "Mr. Herbison is one of those whom it has been the fashion to call 'uneducated poets,' though 'self-educated' would perhaps be a more correct expression—men, who in their childhood have been deprived of the advantages of a school education, and who from early boyhood have been compelled to maintain themselves by unremitting manual labour. At the age of fourteen he was harnessed to the loom, and doomed for life to be an operative weaver. Not satisfied, however, with the material web on which he was industriously and incessantly employed, our poet has contrived to weave a more lasting and more valuable woof, composed of the stuff which dreams are made of, embroidered with many a flower of fancy, and with the fine golden thread of Nature running through the entire. Mr. Herbison still writes from his own neighbourhood, Dunclug, near Ballymena, and has recently published a new volume entitled 'Woodland Wanderings,' which fulfil the rich promise of his first efforts." The following touching poem, "My Willie," was written on learning that his son had died on his voyage home from the United States on the 6th November 1860.

 MY WILLIE !

"Words may not paint my grief for thee—
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of my unfathomed agony."

To show in robes of mourning
Is a thing I'll never do ;
'Tis not in cloth or colour
Earthly trouble to subdue :
Be it black, or brown, or yellow,
It is all the same to me—
I will ever mourn my Willie,
Who is sleeping in the sea.

I thought he would have laid me
In the valley by the stream,
Where cloud of sorrow never came
Across his youthful dream—
Where I taught him in our wand'rings
Nature's beauties to adore,
Till his heart became as happy
As his father's was of yore.

Little thought I when he left me,
And the land where he was born,
He was turning like the oaken leaf
When Autumn blows her horn.
His cheek had all the loveliness
The lily bud displays,
When Spring is dancing lightly o'er
Our flowery banks and braes.

He left me when the Winter cast
Its angry looks around ;
When the hills with snow were shrouded,
And the streams in ice were bound.
O'er the ocean waves he wandered—
Left me here to mourn alone :
And nought on earth is now to cheer,
Or for his loss atone.

Now, my weary heart is bleeding,
When I look abroad and see
Every tree and flower he planted
Bending low in grief to me ;
Every branch is sadly sighing,
Everything appears to be
O'er my Willie's fate lamenting,
Who is sleeping in the sea.

'Twas well I was not near him
When his spirit passed away—
Could I have stood and seen his corpse
Become the ocean's prey?
It was sad enough to hear it,
When the trying scene was o'er—
Brought his brother to his mother
With a bosom bleeding sore.

Long I'll think upon the sorrow
He had lonely there to bear,
While the service for the dead was read
Above his brother's bier—
When the banner lowered o'er him,
And the coffin slipt away
That held within its icy grasp
My Willie's withering clay.

Now my Willie's grave is lying
Where the Mermaid combs her hair :
Bee nor bird is singing near it,
Flower nor foliage blossoms there ;
Heavy waves are rolling o'er it,
Coral reefs are rising round—
Everything we hear about it
Has a sad and sullen sound.

Sigh nor tear can never reach it,
Though they freely for it fall,
When the earth is wrapped in slumber,
And the owlets round me call ;
Still a balm there is to soothe me,
That the God of Love is there,
And to me He will restore him
In yon holy home of prayer.

When the sea gives o'er its raging,
And the stars have ceased to play,
And the world and all that it contains
In fire hath pass'd away,
In his beauty I'll embrace him,
Where life's pleasures never close ;
While the angels sing around us,
We'll enjoy serene repose.

Endearing was my Willie—
Every joy with him was seen,
When the hills were laughing blithely,
And the woods and fields were green ;
Every place is well remembered
Where so fairy-like he trod,
Creating in my aged breast
A purer love for God.

Not the rose upon the briar
When he left me was so fair ;
Like the falcon when it's flying,
He could cleave the ambient air ;
Health was bounding in his bosom,
Starry bright appeared his eye,
And for goodness nought could match him
Save the saint above the sky.

Now the angry ocean o'er him,
Rolls its deep and surly wave,
And the heart that dearly loves him,
Fain would see him in the grave.
Fain, fain would I be near him,
Where nor sin nor sorrow goes,
In the love of Him who cheered him
Whilst his eye in death did close.

But though I'll never wander
Round the grave where he is laid,
Nor with the flowers he nourished
His mould'ring ashes braid ;
I'll keep him in remembrance
As long as life's with me,
I will ever mourn my Willie,
Who is sleeping in the sea.

November 20, 1860.

M'WILLIAM.

A BALLAD.

As I rode on by Skerry tap,
Alang the silver Braid,
The sun was rising frae his nap
In crimson robes array'd ;
I there o'ertook a lovely maid,
Fair as the simmer's morn,
When dewdrops sparkle on the blade,
And milk-white is the thorn :
And while she sang, a' Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

But now afar from me he's borne,
And our lov'd trysting tree—
In grief he'll meet the rosy morn
Where wild fish swim the sea ;
Yet still he'll mind the happy hours
That he, enraptured, stray'd,
In gathering here the fairest flowers,
To busk his favourite maid :
And still she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

Dear lassie ! would you gang wi' me,
And leave these hills and vales,
I'll launch my bonnie boat for thee—
Unfurl her snowy sails ;
And when we reach old Rathlin's Isle,
Amid my lands sae wide
You'll find brave men and maidens' smile,
O'erjoy'd to see my bride :
But still she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

Fair maiden ! he has left you now—
A richer maid he's wed ;
I saw him pledge the bridal vow,
And laid in bridal bed.
You lie ! false coward loun—you lie !
And, were M'William here,
Your blood wad stain the daisied lea,
Red reeking frae his spear !
And then she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

I wad be laith, dear lass ! to see
M'William gain your hand—
The hame that he has got for thee
Is like his barren land ;
There's nought within its lonely wa's
But wears the cypress shade,
A wintry blast against it blows
Would chill my peerless maid :
But still she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

Come, lass ! and see what land is mine—

What flocks are feeding there ;

I'll mak thee like a lady shine

In ilka thing that's fair ;

In Rathlin's fertile flowery isle,

Sae free frae care we'll dwell—

You'll soon forget M'William's guile,

And this romantic dell :

But still she sang, while Claggan rang,

Re-echoing back the strain—

How sweet the days when o'er these braes

M'William courted Jane !

Aft hae I dream'd, my lovely maid,

O'er a' thy witching charms—

Aft hae I cross'd the angry Braid,

To woo thee to my arms ;

O come away ! my dappled grey

Is fleeter than the wind,

That soon will bear my lassie dear

Love's happiest joys to find !

And still she sang, while Claggan rang,

Re-echoing back the strain—

How sweet the days when o'er these braes

M'William courted Jane !

What for your lands and stately towers—

Your grandeur and your gear—

The beauty of our woodland bowers

Grow faint when ye draw near ;

I wouldna leave these hills and vales,

Wild though they seem to you,

Nor listen to your guile-fraught tales,

For a' that charms the view :

And still she sang, while Claggan rang,

Re-echoing back the strain—

How sweet the days when o'er these braes

M'William courted Jane !

Far happier hours I here hae seen,
Beneath our favourite tree,
Than e'er will meet my eye again,
While absent he's frae me,
Wha praised these hills and sparkling rills
That smile sae sweetly now—
By them I'll keep my fleecy sheep,
Nor prove to him untrue :
And still she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

Nae langer could I be conceal'd
Frae ane sae true and kind,
Wha aften had her love reveal'd
To ease my troubled mind ;
I press'd her fondly to my breast,
And swore it o'er and o'er,
That she this night with me should rest,
Nor e'er meet sorrow more !
And then she sang, while Claggan rang,
Re-echoing back the strain—
How sweet the days when o'er these braes
M'William courted Jane !

I placed her on my well-tried steed,
And scour'd o'er hill and lea—
Blithe as the lambs we left to feed
Beneath the mother's e'e ;
And ere the crimson cloud of eve
Adorn'd the dewy west,
Beyond the ever-restless wave
Her sorrows sank to rest !
And many sang, while caverns rang,
Enraptured o'er the strain—
Nae fairer maid e'er left the Braid
Than Skerry's blue-eyed Jane !

MY AULD HEARTH-STANE.

FRAE my hearth-stane, my auld hearth-stane,

A' joys are worn awa' ;

My wife and weans now frown at me,

When near the coals I draw.

When near the coals, I mourn to see

That peace for me there's nane,

For want of friens, whare friens should be,

Beside my auld hearth-stane.

A time there was when I was there,

A mother smiled on me ;

But she is gaen, and I am left

Life's weary ills to dree.

Life's weary ills I'm left to dree,

In sorrow and in pain,

For want of friens, whare friens should be,

Beside my auld hearth-stane.

It was a weary hour to me,

When she was laid awa',

Cauld as the snaw-wreath on the hill,

Beneath yon mouldering wa' :

Beneath yon lonely mouldering wa'

Death hauds her in his chain ;

Nor frien hae I, whare friens should be,

Beside my auld hearth-stane.

My house was aye in happiness

When she sat singing there ;

And blithe was I while sitting by,

Unknown to grief or care ;

Unknown to grief or worldly care,

I joined the joyous strain,

That made a' cheerfu' and content

Beside my auld hearth-stane.

I fondly hope she'll never look
Frae out yon starry sphere,
While I am suffering under ills
She could na' brook to hear.
She could na' brook to see me weep,
Nor hear me thus complain,
For want of friens, whare friens should be,
Beside my auld hearth-stane.

S. H. BRADBURY.

MR. S. H. BRADBURY, better known under his *nom de plume* of "Quallon," sends us the following original contributions to the "Poetical Souvenir." We have already expressed our opinion as to the poetical excellence of Mr. Bradbury, and the peculiar grace which is characteristic of the author is not wanting in the poems now for the first time published.

THE OPEN CASEMENT.

ALL red and warm the setting sun
Upon the open casement shone;
The clouds with golden tints were flushed,
And through the west went sailing on.
In at the open casement stood
Geraniums with their crimson flowers;
Whose leaves looked as though dipped in blood,
Seen in the evening's dying hours.
No sound was heard save at the door
The vine leaves whispering sweet and low;
We saw the sun sink down the west,
And heard the zephyrs faintly blow.

They stirred the leaves of gilded book
Upon the open casement laid ;
And with the red geranium flowers
Like fondling lovers toyed and played.

A dusky light, like morning mist,
Swam slowly through the gleaming panes ;
No warble came from birds that hid
'Mong blossoms in the village lanes.
A fountain in the garden played,
Whose waters fell in murmurous showers ;
And near lush-honeysuckles trailed,
Clomb on the roof of vernal bowers.

Their odours to the window came,
And there they seemed to faint and die ;
To spend their sweetness round my love,
And in her warm young bosom lie.
That was their Heaven, pure as a cloud
That sails the sky when moonlight flows
In one cascade of silver gleams,
And no wind o'er the jasmine blows !

We watched until the sun's red rim
No longer flashed upon our gaze,
While lingered in the gleaming west
A softly mellow, molten haze.
'Twas then the winds came shivering down
The garden through the orange bloom ;
The beauty of the evening died,
And night arose in ebon gloom.

The moon one moment lit the scene,
Peered through the clouds that dimmed the sky ;
While near her orb a star would peep,
Like tear in maiden's azure eye.

One moment lost in solemn clouds
The moon would be ; then ripple up,
And in the lake her image place,
Like sun-flushed pearl in crystal cup !
Love grows divine in such sweet hours,
Upholds its truth and speaks its thought,
And finds more pleasure when alone
Than e'er in honied dreams was sought.
And at the open casement oft
I met my love in summer eves,
When 'tween our whispers only came
The tender rustling of the leaves.
In at the open casement now
The setting sun's cool glory streams,
Like to the chequered charms that bless
The fairy spots in happy dreams.
E'en yet as fair, as redly bloom,
The beautiful geranium flowers ;
And still the honeysuckles cling
And climb about the vernal bowers.
And when by night the winds have stirred
The leaves of vine that made those bowers,
So icy cold the stars have looked,
Like frosted gems in countless showers.
Give me the long, long summer nights,
The little casement opened wide ;
Then all the blushes of my love
Like roses in the darkness hide.

THE BROKEN HARP.

UNTOUCHED within my chamber
The broken harp now stands,
Beside a marble figure
With clasped and upraised hands.

Its music oft I've listened,
Till tears would freely start,
From secret founts of sorrow
Long hidden in the heart.

Like heart too early broken,
That harp a symbol seems ;
It lent a plaintive glory
To all life's mingled themes,—
I've heard it in the evening,—
Hung o'er it in the morn ;
Beheld its bright cords quiver,
As each soft note was born.

Its melting tones have ended,
Its cadence comes no more
Upon the dying sunshine,
As in the days of yore.
The strings of golden lustre
Would shiver at my touch,
Like unseen chords that tremble
In heart that loves too much !

The harp, now old and broken,
Sad music yet will make,—
Still on my dreams its sweetness,
Like liquid whispers, break.
Yet in the quiet evening
Strains vibrate in my ears ;
The sound swims o'er me calmly,
Falls silently as tears.

The music that we worship,
With passion never dies ;
It springs, in unseen splendour,
From earth up through the skies.

A tone once struck, for ever
In fancy may be heard ;
And in the heart it slumbers,
Hushed as a dreaming bird.

This harp within my chamber,
Though all its power has gone,
I reverence as a treasure,
The best and dearest one.
This idol, though long broken,
Tells of the bliss it gave ;
When memory lies as tranquil
As sea without a wave.

TO AURORA.

AURORA, gentle goddess, did
Orion clasp thy waist,
When first upon thy shining form
His ardent glance he placed ?
Say, were thy curls with dew besprent,
And were thy feet sun-bound ?
Did golden clouds thy radiant breast
Float lovingly around ?

And did Hyperion see thee eye
Orion in the chase ?
Thou sun-browed goddess of the morn,
With dew-bedimpled face !
Where didst thou gain thy rosy hues,
Ere Tithonus was thine—
Ere on young Cephalus thy look
Of bliss began to shine ?

Did Hesperus watch thy amours,
Ere Jupiter was born—
Ere Venus through Adonis set
Her foot upon the thorn ?
Was Saturn envious of thy love ?
Did Pallas gaze on thee ?
Hast watched thy own rare beauties throw
Red splendours on the sea ?

Did Titan envy thee thy power ?
Did Procris learn thy skill ?
Didst gaze on bound Prometheus, on
The cold Caucasian hill ?
Didst gaze on the Hesperian fruits,
Ere wise Deucalion stood
On Mount Parnassus—ere was spilt
In war the Titan's blood ?

THE STATUES.

A PALACE door I entered, and I saw
In marble formed a naked maiden stand ;
Her silent beauty filled my soul with awe,—
She held a lily in her right white hand.
Through windows stained with violet and gold,
The light was flitted to her rounded face ;
It kissed her neck, whose rare and ample mould
Seemed the abode of art's transcendent grace :
The poppies at her feet had leaves half shut,
In cold uncrimsoned clusters carved and cut.

Back from her brow her hair seemed lightly blown,
And down her shoulders in curl'd masses fell ;
Large signs of life unto her eyes had flown,
Like those that on a sleeper's eyelids dwell ;

A nameless grace had made her polished look
Appear half conscious of her unclad limbs ;
And from her bosom oft my glance I took,
As from a wave that dazzles as it swims.
The soul of genius in that figure taught
The sterling wealth and wonder of a thought.

Hard by another sculptured form I met,—
'Twas of a hero, with deep furrowed cheek,
That told of labour ; and his lips were set,
As though unto the gazer he would speak.
One hand was clenched ; and swelled the rigid veins,
Gorged as with burning blood his stalwart arm,
As though he strove to wrench a captive's chains,
Or fiercely struggled for some wrested charm ;
A tragic meaning in his glance long dared,
As if on some old hated foe he stared.

His hard, unwrinkled brow was deep and wide,
No trace of smile upon the features played ;
Unawed by death he would have firmly died,
With deep-gashed heart made by a foeman's blade.
A few stray locks around his shoulders hung,
But Time had left his massive temples bare,
And on his face the sign of age had flung ;
His iron frame bowed with a weighty care ;
While from his stony eyeballs strong and stern,
Like fire unslaked, proud passion seemed to burn.

WISHES.

OH ! would I were the bird that pours
His song into thine ear ;
I would not sigh for fairest shores,
While thou my love wert near.

If I could choose my lot on earth,
I'd whisper it to thee ;
'Twould be all other pleasures worth,
An Eden unto me.

If I were but the jewelled band
Of gold around thine arm,
I'd glide betimes unto thy hand,
And clasp it as a charm.

I'd be the poems thou dost read
In summer evenings dim,
That I might all the glories heed
That in thy dark eyes swim !

I'd be the mirror where by morn
Thou lookest in so sweet ;
To hold each smile when newly born,
And watch thy red lips meet !

I'd be a zephyr but one hour
To wanton on thy cheek ;
To shake thy ringlets in a shower,
And list to hear thee speak !

The gem that glimmers on thy breast
I'd be ; for I should shine

With rarest beauty from such rest,
By borrowing charms from thine.

Each thing thou ownest I would be,
To feel thy warm caress ;

By day a dove embraced by thee,
By night a raven tress !

RURAL SKETCH.

ABOVE the corn-field sings the lark,
Soaring towards the azure arc
Of Heaven on outstretched wings ;
And floating smoothly as a bark,
Aloud his carol rings.

Cool showers have fallen on the grass ;
The round drops glimmer as we pass
On every quivering blade ;
The golden lupins in a mass
Tassel the vernal glade.
There's fragrance from the flowering beans—
Like timid maid the wild rose leans
With bosom near the rill,
That gambols on 'mid sylvan scenes,
And sings by wooded hill.
The odours from ungathered hay
Are riper than the sighs of May,
When ruddiest blossoms blow,
In whose sweet deeps at close of day
Raindrops rose-tinted glow.
The corn is rustling, zephyr-stirred ;
And in the sloe-bush sings a bird
To charm his silent mate ;
Love-voices at the stile are heard
And at the rustic gate !
The crimson and white clover flowers
Exhale their sweets at evening hours
Adown the village lane ;
And shadows stripe like fairy towers
The upland and the plain.
And now the yellow woodbine swings—
One drop of rain the brooklet rings
With ripples, swept from spray
Of bramble—eve's last lustre brings
The twilight's sober ray !
Now steeped in gold the western skies,
Unsunned the earth flower-laden lies,
Like an opulent bride ;
While clouds like marble mountains rise,
And through night's star-gulfs ride !

No shadows linger on the plain,
Bees hum no longer in the lane,—
There broods a mighty calm;
As when in some cathedral wane
The last notes of a psalm!

ELIZA COOK.

WE quote by permission the following beautiful lyrics from the collected works of this popular writer recently published by Messrs. Routledge & Co. Miss Eliza Cook writes: "I am hoping that a gradual restoration to a better state of health will enable me to resume my minstrel vocation, and that I may still find willing ears to listen to my song—that the cheerful strain of my noontide dream and the minor plaint of my twilight musing may again win for me the responsive echoes which excited my young spirits and crowned my young ambition. With this hope uppermost in my heart, I cordially offer to 'auld acquaintance' my warm 'How do ye do?' without any painful anticipation of *their* cool 'Good-bye.'" Most heartily will these wishes find a response in the heart of every true lover of English Song, to whom the name of Eliza Cook is endeared by many happy poetical associations!

THE WORLD.

TALK who will of the World as a desert of thrall;
Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste:
Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.
We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way
Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

Those who look on Mortality's ocean aright
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark ;
Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark ?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But, in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which outbalances ages of pain ?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul, in its fulness of love,
Would waver, if bidden to chose between this
And the Paradise promised above ?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief-drop
awhile,
And the whiten'd lip sigh forth its fear ;
Yet pensive indeed is that face, where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around ;
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows ;
Yet are there not hours when naught else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose ?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake !

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar ;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

They framed the petition, while Flora and Jove
Most attentively heard ; and in fulness of love,
A dark, mist-laden messenger wander'd above

For a shadowy hour.

The gloom came on suddenly,—that we must own,—
And we wonder'd where all the world's beauty had flown,
As the clouds gather'd up and the rain rattled down
In a leaf-laying shower.

The blossoms fell prostrate and pensive awhile,
Bending down to the earth in most pitiful style,
Even after Apollo reburnish'd his smile

With more glorious power.

But at last they stood up in their strength, one by one,
And laugh'd out in the face of the beautiful sun,
With a perfume and colour they could not have done
Were it not for the shower.

“It was sad while it lasted,” the Mignonette said,
“To be splash'd by the dust and be stretch'd in the
shade ;”

“Why, yes,” said the Stock, “but how soon we should
fade,

And grow sickly and sour,

If we grumbled and whined 'neath the gold and the
blue,

As we all have done lately,—between me and you,
I think that the very best thing we could do

Was to ask for the shower.”

Now “sermons in stones” we are told may be learn'd,
And methinks a quick eye may have aptly discern'd
That a rich draught of wisdom may often be urn'd

In the cup of a flower.

Come read me the riddle, and read it aright,
All ye that have too much good luck in your sight,—
All ye that are faint in Prosperity's light,

Just for want of a shower.

Have the wit of the blossoms, and ask for no more
At the hands of Dame Fortune, in station or store,
But think it a blessing if sorrow should pour,
Or disquietude lower.
For the cloud and the rain-drop are exquisite things,
Though they dim for a season our butterfly wings,
And the sweetest and purest unceasingly springs
After a shower.

THE FUTURE.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years ;
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices, now gentle and bland,
Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;
Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in " casting the stone :"

Did we know the affection engrossing our soul
Will end, as it oft does, in Sadness and pain ;
That the passionate breast will but hazard its rest,
And be wreck'd on the shore it is panting to gain :

Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;
All light would be quench'd in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb.

For if Hope be a star that may lead us astray,
And " deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones preach ;
Yet 'twas Mercy that gave it, to beacon our way,
Though its halo illumines where we never can reach.

Though Friendship but flit, like a meteor gleam,
Though it burst, like a morn-lighted bubble of dew;
Though it passes away, like a leaf on the stream,
Yet 'tis bliss while we *fancy* the vision is true.

Oh! 'tis well that the Future is hid from our sight;
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the
cloud;
That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight;
That we dance on the loom that may weave us a
shroud.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years;
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our
love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our
tears.

W. C. BENNETT.

MR. W. C. BENNETT is well known and universally recognised as being of all writers the most felicitous in his descriptions and illustrations of children and childish beauty. His "*Baby May*," recently published in a cheap form with his other poems of a similar character, has received the welcome of both the people and the press of England and America. Mr. Bennett resides at Greenwich, and has produced a poem of considerable merit entitled "*Queen Eleanor's Vengeance*;" but as a song-writer he has achieved the most decided success. Always unaffected, unexaggerated, cheering and elevating, Mr. Bennett's songs of domestic happiness appear to be the photographs of his own home and its household angels. He does not weary us with ill-concealed striving for the sake of effect, but with the melody of his verse speaks from the fulness of his own heart to the hearts of his readers.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn ;
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—
Catching up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings-up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table ;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing ;

Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking ;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,—
That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

THE WORN WEDDING RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah, summers
not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me
and you ;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and
pleasures too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old
ring was new !
O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made
you my loving wife :
Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's as
dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old
ring was new.
How well do I remember now your young sweet face
that day :
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue
could hardly say,

Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was of
you ;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring
was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour
to me ;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you
dearer be ?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis
true ;
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring
was new ?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief
is there,
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would
not share ?
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old
ring was new !

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices
that are here,—
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's
yet more dear,—
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet
more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old
ring was new.

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given are with us
yet ; around
Our table every precious life lent to us still is found :
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the
worst we've struggled through ;
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring
was new !

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories
treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not
now forget:
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still
true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old
ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to
grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine
grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown
to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring
was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my
rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that
breast!
O may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight
of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old
ring was new!

BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
'Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high,
That those shoes would buy,
'Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet !

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd ! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.



THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while, softly round,
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.
A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.
An aged woman in a wintry room,
Frost on the pane—without, the whirling snow ;
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past, and griefs of long ago.

W. F. ROCK.

ALTHOUGH this name may not be familiar to many of our readers, it will be recognised with welcome by several of our contributors to whom he is well known, and what is more, by whom he is highly esteemed and respected for his truly manly disposition, his genuine-hearted love of literature, and warm encouragements to struggling genius. He is one of the many poets living amongst us who embody in their lives the poetical and the practical, and while never neglecting the arduous duties of commercial pursuits, but manfully fighting the battle of life, sweeten their leisure hours with the delights of song—thus making Poetry a pleasure, not a profession—cultivating a taste for the beautiful for its own exceeding rich reward. Mr. Rock is, however, the author of several poems which, published anonymously, have been read with pleasure by thousands ; and we trust some day he will be induced to collect these scattered flowers, when we promise our readers a bouquet which they will not lightly esteem. Among the interesting poetical incidents associated with his name we may mention his introduction to the literary world of the Devonshire Postman Poet, Edward Capern, some of whose rural songs have deservedly become favourites.

A WORD ON DEATH.

LISTEN ! and I will speak of Death : I have just left the
dead,
Have touched the hands, have kissed the lips whence
warmth and life have fled ;
Have decently laid straight the limbs, have closed the
fixing eye,
Have done what dearest friends must do to those whom
they see die.

I speak of Death !—Droop not the head and do not
think of pain :
Have you ever seen one die whom you could pray
should live again ?
When those we love depart from us we weep as men
should weep ;
But who e'en then could ever wish to disturb their
placid sleep ?

I have seen pilgrim fathers, worn, aged, bowed-down
men,
Pass the last feeble moments of their three-score years
and ten ;
I have seen youth in beauty droop, with all the world
could give,
And wondered at the Providence which said it should
not live.

But all the solemn moments that I have spent
beside
The beds where those I loved in life, and love in death,
have died,
Have been so placid and serene—sweet ceasings of the
breath—
Without a pain or fear, they make me quite in love with
Death.

My father and my mother dropped, like some well-
 ripened fruit,
 With fifty or a hundred-fold of goodness at their root;
 And now, as sweet a blossom as e'er bloomed upon the
 earth,
 Has fallen with all its promises of purity and worth.

I pace the room—(why darkened?)—and I look upon
 the bed,
 And view the pale set features of the beautiful—the
 dead—
 All cold and fixed and motionless—that smile for ever
 gone,
 Which warmed to smiles and happiness all that it
 rested on.

For ever gone? That beauty, that sweetness, and that
 grace? [sweet face?
 The virtue, purity, the heaven that beamed in that
 For ever lost that goodness?—No, I would rather
 think [sink!
 The moon, the sun, the stars above, the universe should
 'Twill live again—*She lives again!* E'en *my* be-
 clouded faith
 Already sees her triumphing, victorious over death:
 All light, all love, all innocence; her few slight faults
 forgiven,
 Ranged with congenial spirits in her congenial heaven.

She lives again! I feel, through these fast-dropping
 tears, [fears.
 She lives; and I shall see her, despite these doubts and
 There's not one noble thought which lights the humblest
 of the sod,
 There's not one spark of Virtue, but is a part of God!

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

I WENT to Chelmsford yesterday,
And tho' I drove eight miles an hour,
I spied a cottage on my way
Which I had noticed once before.

And labelled on it—black on white—
I plainly read, as past I went
(The writer was a happy wight),
This is the Cottage of Content.

And so it might, its walls were rough,
Slapdashed, with lime-wash whitened o'er;
The door was made of homely stuff,
But shut and opened!—'twas a door.

The Cottage had a garden, too;
With beds for cabbage, beans, and peas;
Fruit-trees and flowers it had a few,
And just a hive or two of bees.

The chimney smoked—so there was fire!
Food, lodging, were each side the door;
What more could any man require?
With these one couldn't well be poor.

“Well, really,” thought I, as I leant
Back in my chaise, and gave it speech—
“To me this Cottage of Content
Does quite a little sermon preach.”

Its happy tenant worked, no doubt,
And had his livelihood to seek;
He earned, by constant toiling out,
At most eight shillings in a week.

And was content? Well, so he might.
Let's see,—rent *three*, or *three pound ten*—
Rates, taxes *one—two* fire and light—
Bread *six*, meat *four*,—£16. 10s.

Clothes, say *two* pounds—drink, physic, nil—
 Books, sundries, *one*. No debts, no qualms;
 No time or fees for being ill,
 And just *ten shillings* left for alms!
 Why what a stock of worldly lore,
 Is in those two lines of black paint!
 A mine of wealth is counted o'er
 In this same Cottage of Content.
 For there I read in language clear,
 How each of us may live in plenty,
Just earn a full score pounds a year,
And learn to live within the twenty!

CAROLINE GIFFARD PHILLIPSON.

SEVERAL of the beautiful compositions of this accomplished lady which have appeared in the "Poetical Souvenir" have attracted considerable attention; and we have much pleasure in inserting the following, which are published for the first time.

IN MEMORIAM

OF A VISIT TO GENERAL GARIBALDI ON APRIL 9TH, 1861,
 AT TURIN.

WE sate beside the Patriot's bed,
 And listened for his words,
 Which came gently, like the murmurs
 Of the long grass waving softly on the summer's
 golden swards!
 Breathing sounds of welcome to us,
 Utter strangers as we were;
 Whilst his smile, so soft and holy,
 Made a glory and a radiance like the light of
 morning there!

“ We are thankful, English ladies,
For the kind support you gave ;
And the sons of fair Italia,
All the noble and the brave,
Love you with a grateful feeling,
To go with them to the grave !”
So he spake, that noble chieftain !
And we cherish’d words that fell
Like the flow of distant waters,
Gushing on their way unhinder’d, low yet musical !
In his eyes a radiance holy,
Such as angel orbs might show,
Gazing on us with their soft light,
Moisten’d by the tender feelings in the heart that
throbb’d below !
Oh, how dreamlike seem’d his presence !
And how lost to all around
Felt we as the moments fled,
And we dreaded words of parting that like Sorrow’s
knell would sound.
To have seen him as we saw him,—
To have listened to his tone,—
To have felt his true hand’s pressure,
And have held it, as we held it, fondly, gladly in
our own !
To behold those lips at parting,
Moving gently as in prayer,
And have heard his words, “ God bless you !”
Whose deep music thrill’d our beings like an angel’s
whisper there !
Oh, I never shall forget it !
Though all distant from him now,
Still his gentle smile seems near me,
And in dreams of night and silence comes that voice
so soft and low.

Who so worthy as that chieftain?
Who so good and yet so brave?
Well may Italy triumphant
Greet the noble Son that raised her from her long
sleep of the grave!
From the tyrant's yoke oppressive,
Which his mighty arm has bow'd—
From the vice and superstition,
And from the Church's slavery, whose vengeful
wrath is long and loud!
Beloved by king and people! praised
By all those who treasure "Right"
Long live that noble Patriot,
The battles of his native land with his strong true
arm to fight!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

TOLL, toll the funeral bell, and bid
The cannon's solemn sound
Proclaim a mourning country's loss
To those who gather round.
Cavour is dead! and tears are vain,
And words of lamentation!
Though great and wise, he was not quite
The Saviour of the nation!
Others like him may rise from out
The multitude of sleepers!
Others to bid your hearts rejoice,
And dry your tears, O weepers!
Let not the tyrant's hated yoke
Enslave your land again;
Let not one single Patriot die
For Italy in vain!

But be their memories in your hearts,
Their deeds upon your tongue !
And many a hero will spring up,
Your serried bands among.
Like Cavour in the Council Hall,
For liberty to plead—
Like *Garibaldi*, for the love
Of Italy to bleed !

Doubt not, and let no coward fear
Deaden a nation's hope ;
Great is the work already done,
But on your horoscope
Trial and danger still appear—
O'ercome them all—make known
That Italy has yet the power
To battle for her own !

Still a stout heart, and that her sons
Unloosing every band,
Which too long has bound the noblest
And bravest of her land,
Will rise again with vig'rous arm
Their country's wars to fight,
All heedless of the Church's wrath
Whilst struggling for the " Right !"

Then Cavour (noble leader)
Will not have lived in vain,
And his last hopes fulfilled,
Avenge the hosts of slain.
When ye have freed your glorious land,
And bade your banners wave
O'er Rome and Venice, then go kneel
Triumphant by *his* grave !

LOVE AND ANGER.

WHERE Love has ever held his throne
Anger can find no rest.
Who turns from the beloved one,
The idol of his breast?
Who chases far the memories
Of hours and days gone by,
And seeth them without regret
Fade like the clouds on high?
Not one who ever loved : the word
Is used without a thought—
Affection cannot change with change,
Nor is it to be bought.
They never loved who feel Love's power
Grow faint within the heart,
Nor they who nurse up enmity
And writhe beneath its smart!
“ *Loved once and ever !*” such the words
Of truth and wisdom spoken
By one whose holy harp is hush'd,
Its strings neglected, broken;
But who perchance in brighter spheres
Is waking deeper song,
To gladden the rejoicing ears
Of the seraphic throng.*
Such be our motto—let true Love
Our guardian spirit be :
If thou canst change, my soul hath loved,
Still change be far from me—
And anger farther still, beneath
The deep heart's silent stream.
God's spirit broodeth silently,
What is it but Love's beam?

* Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Wouldst thou deface it? chase it far?
Replace it by a guest
Who marreth all the beauty, and
The peace within thy breast?
No, no! bid anger thence remove,
And call back Love once more;
The one is but a child of earth,
The other from God's shore!

YE SONS OF FAIR ITALIA.

YE sons of fair Italia!
The noble and the brave;
Why let a foreign standard
Above your cities wave?
Have ye no earnest longings
To drive the tyrants forth,
Back to their own bleak dwellings
Far in the stormy North?
Have ye no skill or prowess
To battle for the right?
No valiant hearts to lead you
Straight onward to the fight?
Ye have! then wherefore slumber,
Like mean, despairing slaves?
Better to strike, and vainly,
Than seek dishonour'd graves!
See how the nations watch ye,
With sneers upon each mouth;
They deem ye cannot keep your own,
Sons of the sunny South!

They deem ye're all faint-hearted,
And dare not rise again
In serried bands, to sunder
The long-detested chain !

Show them they judge you blindly ;
Show them your arms are strong,
And that ye'll win your birthrights back,
And keep them too, ere long !

Rise with a hopeful spirit,
Resolved to do, or die !
Italia's sons should sleep no more
Beneath a tyrant's eye !

Seek then that gallant chieftain
On lone Caprera's shore,
Make him your Leader once again
Amid the battle's roar !

Fight for the glorious cities
Now held in deadly thrall !
And plant the tricolour 'midst cheers
Upon each fortress wall !

Then, sons of fair Italia,
The noble and the brave !
Go, live in peace, or dying win
An honourable grave !



WILLIAM STOKES,

AUTHOR of "The Olive Branch;" whose poem "Little Jenny," contributed to the "Poetical Souvenir," in which a notice of this writer has been given, has attracted considerable attention.

BETTER DAYS DESIRED.

'Tis not for the days of the hero I sigh,
When kings lived for battle and panted to die;
When war was the watchword of brave men and proud,
And bloodshed the glory and boast of the crowd.

No sigh do I breathe for the tyrant who sway'd
His rude iron sceptre o'er slaves he had made;
Who fawned at his footstool, and called him their Lord,
Yet lived but to sever the rule they abhorr'd.

Nor yet do I sigh for the days when there dwelt
A darkness o'er nations like that which was "felt,"
When Egypt was ruin'd ;—a "sackcloth of hair,"
By priestly hands woven and spread abroad there.

For these days of darkness, come Virtue, and weep
O'er nations in fetters and Freedom asleep;
A world rank with poison, or teeming and foul
With vipers that hiss, and with tigers that howl.

I sigh for the days when the tyrant shall fall,
When slaves sycophantic no more heed his call;
When earth shall resound with the song of the free,
And men with their fellow-men brothers shall be.

I sigh for the days when the hero in arms
No longer shall fill the wide world with alarms;
When spears but as "pruning-hooks" glisten in store,
When swords become "ploughshares," AND WAR BE
NO MORE.

I sigh for the age when religion shall be
No byword for party, nor hypocrite's fee ;
But when, breathing o'er us sweet grace from above,
Her blessings shall prove her the best gift of love.
Roll on, then, ye spheres, and add swiftness to time,
Nor long let the world wait for scenes so sublime ;
But if we behold not these treasures in store,
We'll hail them when "cast in their shadows before."
Roll on, ye slow ages, that He may appear,
Whose coming shall "scatter" armed hosts with his
fear ;
Who, true to his promise, for freedom will plead,
And crush in his anger both "Serpent" and "seed."

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

AWAY, far away, in the land of the blest,
Where skies never darken, there, there is my rest ;
On earth but a pilgrim, and destined to roam,
I hail with delight that sweet land as my home.
Ye visions of glory, ye bowers of bliss,
Your songs are unknown in a region like this ;
In gross darkness shrouded, the melodies cloy,
And Nature shrinks back from that "fulness of joy."
No ; earth cannot listen to music like yours,
But sunk in deep folly wild discord endures ;
And man in his blindness, by sinning opprest,
Heeds not the pure songs in that land of the blest.
Away then, away, to the glory above,
Away to the home of the Saviour we love ;
By no sin polluted, by no pain distrest,
Away then, away, to the land of the blest.

MATLOCK BATH.

LET Fashion take her wayward flight
To every distant Alpine height;
Let pampered cits and country swells
Run wild in search of fairer dells;
Let town-made taste, and rustic lore,
Rush breathless to some foreign shore,
And twist their Saxon to the cry
That "Britain knows no classic sky!"

To me no foreign dell or strand
Is lovely as my native land;
No Alpine height with "cloud-capp'd tower,"
Whose pride defies the thunder's power—
No Tempé, with Olympus high,
Or Naples and her azure sky—
Can charm the heart with scenes so sweet
As round this noble Matlock meet.

O boasting Rhine! I've traced thy stream,
To learn how soon grave scholars dream;
With fond, admiring eye have hung
On all that German bards have sung;
And paid the tribute, warm and true,
To Nature's beauties ever due—
But not thy boldest scene, O Rhine!
Can vie with this sweet land of mine.

Thy *Drachenfels* and sev'n-fold peaks,
Whose crags the lonely eagle seeks;
Thy *Roland* and his mythic maid,
In midway stream for ever laid;
Thy scatter'd ruins, black and bare,
Prints of a race no longer there;
Though deck'd in richest garb—they stand
Far shaded by this fairy land.

Here Nature in her loveliest mood
Spreads all her beauty to the flood ;
Tempting her swain, with sylvan song,
His lovelorn visits to prolong.
Her Derwent hears the vocal strain,
Responsive on the glowing plain ;
And tarries where, with brightest charms,
His nymph invites with open arms.

O Rhine ! no love like this is found
On Grecian, or on German ground ;
Thy mountains groan, thy rocks complain
Of solitude, but all in vain.
And all in vain thy relics spread
O'er every haggard mountain head :
On no proud height such beauties meet
As gather round Victoria's feet.

Great England's Queen, Victoria, hail !
Thy smile yet cheers this lovely dale ;
And in yon bold, majestic tower
We see an emblem of thy power.
We ask no castellated walls,
With spear, and lance, and blood-stained halls,
Or frowning fort * from yonder Rhine,
To guard that hallowed throne of thine.

We would not mar these matchless heights :
With ruins of old feudal fights ;
Whence foemen proud—*too proud to feel*—
Went forth to battle or to steal.
Warm, loving hearts, more nobly brave
Than courage round the warrior's grave ;
These, these, O Queen ! these we resign,
To guard that sacred throne of thine.

* Ehrenbreitstein.

Not from the past, the feudal age,
With bloodshed on each rolling page;
Not from the deeds of ancient strife,
May we draw hope of better life.
Forward!—the past is writ in woe,
When man but lived to man a foe;
Forward!—true glory lies before,
Where wiser men “learn war no more.”

O Matlock! may thy scenes inspire
This onward zeal, this purer fire!
May Derwent, as his waters roll,
But image peace from pole to pole!
And O may yonder shaded grove,
The fond retreat and “walk” of love,
Be but the type of coming mind,
When love, not war, shall rule mankind!

Thou King of kings,—thou God of love,
Breathe thy pure Spirit from above;
The demon war, our world's great foe,
Hurl to his cavern'd home below.
Why should our earth for ever be
A contrast dark to Heaven and Thee?
Why not, like smiling Matlock, rise,
And be another Paradise?

E. G. KENT,

A YOUNG writer, a native of Boston in Lincolnshire, whose published volume of poems has already been noticed in the "Poetical Souvenir."

SUNSET.

O GLORIOUS Sun ! I love to watch thy ray
Of parting splendour gild the crimson'd West,
When Evening lulls to sleep another Day,
And smiling Nature sinks to balmy rest.
I love to view thee, on thy fiery march
Of grandeur, quit these scenes of hope and fear ;
Reflect thy beams across the illumined arch
Of Heaven, as if no more to linger here.

I love to hear the minstrel of the dell
Pour forth a carol from the trembling spray,
Chanting a sweet, melodious farewell
To the grand glories of departing Day ;
The nightingale, best poet of them all,
With tuneful warblings fills the quiet air,
While flowers, as if in adoration, fall,
With fragrant voices bending low in prayer.

But as, O Sun ! I watch thee leave thy throne,
Thy parting rays these thoughts to me inspire—
A blest resemblance to Life's journey run
Our eyes may see, beholding thee expire.
Thou leavest, like a dying saint, to us
A glorious halo of bright deeds behind,
Which make those clouds all bright and glorious,
Which else would be a terror to the mind ;
And like an aged Christian bow'd with years,
Passes in triumph from this changing earth,
With no foreboding doubts or gloomy fears—
What we call Death to him is only Birth.

He only disappears from us awhile—
 His parting here gives other spirits bliss ;
 For 'neath his light the sweetest flowers smile
 In other regions far away from this.

THE SONG OF THE YULE LOG.

HERE's to the Log, the merrie Yule Log,
 Who bringeth us joy once more ;
 All through the land, let us welcome the brand,
 And hail the old monarch of yore !
 There's joy in the blaze that over him plays,
 And love in the hearts all around—
 Beside his red fire who have the desire,
 O let us peal forth a glad sound.

Here's to the log, &c.

He heraldeth mirth to the toilers of earth :
 Old winter may frown and may jeer ;
 His tempests blow not to that sacred spot
 Where lieth the log of the year.
 On the social old hearth in his garment of swarth,
 Safe sentry he keepeth again ;
 Of glee he reminds, far away wi' the winds
 He sendeth displeasure and pain.

Here's to the log, &c.

He bringeth no ill, but good-heartedness still
 Doth follow him here in his track ;
 And all ye gay souls, come drain out the bowls,
 The bowls of the choicest old sack.
 Be glad, ye light-hearts, where from henceforth departs,
 All sorrow and sadness severe ;
 Come, welcome again, from the snowy-clad plain,
 The guest of the bonnie old year.

Here's to the log, &c.

Then here's to the log, the merrie Yule Log,
The log of the festive yore ;
Let us lightly tread, when the year is dead,
On the turf that wraps him o'er.
When the frosts of Time weave the crystal rime
On the heads of those now young ;
May the bowl pass round, and their domes resound
With the song of the Yule Log sung.
Here's to the log, &c.

DELAY.

PILGRIM, hark ! the trumpet soundeth,
Halt no longer on thy way ;
Strife is present, grief aboundeth,
Know the danger of delay !
Hark ! celestial bands are calling,
Calling thee from scenes below ;
Keep thy weary feet from falling,
Falling in the miry slough.
Raise thine eyes to brighter glories,
Make thine inmost thoughts sublime ;
Know that death and life are stories
Morall'd in the tales of Time.
Weep not for the short duration
Of this pilgrimage of care ;
Seek the solemn revelation
Promised to the Child of Prayer.
Haste ! remember Death and Terror
Are twin sisters to Delay ;
Flee the path of wrong and error,
Seek the Light, the Truth, the Way !

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

BY I. H. J.

NIGHT has her mantle o'er creation thrown,
 Dark are the waters of the murmuring stream,
 The Queen of Eve is on her azure throne,
 And decks the dewdrop with her glitt'ring beam.
 The rustling breezes with the day have fled,
 The skylark roosts within her lowly nest,
 And the worn peasant hastens to his bed,
 Seeking his pillow with a prayer for rest.
 Sweet is the hour and silent is the scene,
 Hush'd is the noisy music of mankind;
 Departing day has left the world serene,
 And all reposes—but the restless mind.
 And sure, if aught the restless mind can heal,
 'Tis the calm solace of thy shades, oh! night—
 When from the world a peaceful hour we steal
 To soar with Fancy in her heav'nward flight.
 Nature's harmonious volume then appears
 So vast—so lovely to th' inquiring eye—
 We feel nought else should claim man's hopes and fears
 But Him, whose spirit fills Infinity!
 Yet still our best affections linger here,
 Prone to the last on earthly reeds to stay;
 Frail idols that a transient hour can rear,
 Or passing breath consign to dull decay.
 Years have roll'd by—since on an eve like this
 My truant footsteps left a scene so dear,
 Lured by Fame's whispers that the air of bliss
 Was breathed far purer in a distant sphere.
 Years have roll'd by. Ah! need I say how vain
 Were the fond fancies of my earlier day—
 How pain and pleasure form'd a mutual chain
 Where'er the wand'rer trod life's dubious way!

Home of my youth ! since boyhood saw thee smile,
Time has been busy with this house of clay :
Joy laughing came, and visited a while ;
Grief tarried long, and left it in decay.

Thou too art changed—'tis difficult to trace
The bloom, the beauty, that around thee shone ;
The deepen'd furrows o'er thy once fair face
Seem like the careworn wrinkles on my own !

The rural waste—the villagers' demesne—
The heath-clad freehold of the hamlet poor,
Strew'd with wild flowers and herbage ever green,
Sweet'ning the breezes as they wander'd o'er—

The ample common and the shelt'ring wood,
Fringing the landscape with its rich recess—
Now bloom no longer where they whilom stood,
Depicting Nature in her wilder dress !

No more upon the scented breezes float,
In varied melody at early morn,
Earth's "joyous gratulations," and the note
Of peasant's carol, or of huntsman's horn !

The midnight songster's undulating lay,
Soft as the hour to which its tones belong,
Has ceased to cheer the traveller on his way,
Or soothe the mourner with the spell of song.

The grass-green minstrel's amatory glee,
 wooing his harem at departing day ;
The merry music of the wand'ring bee,
Boasting his booty as he wings his way ;

The happy home that welcomed every guest,
The hearth that made e'en penury rejoice ;
The ivied walls that cradled me to rest,
Lull'd by the music of a mother's voice—

All ! all are gone ! and not a vestige wall
Remains to register what Time has wrought ;
Not e'en a hallow'd ruin to recall
Childhood's fair visions from the grave of thought !

The chisell'd column, or the stately dome,
Based on the relics of those walls of yore,
Which heard the shouts of congregated Rome
When Scipio told them Carthage was no more—

The classic mind would gaze on as a flaw,
And o'er each costly fabric would repine,
That tower'd o'er wrecks where crowds, in breathless awe,
Once glow'd 'neath Tully's eloquence divine !

May not I mourn then, when the only part,
The little all I valued on the earth,
The scene which Nature etch'd upon my heart,
The all-attractive spot which gave me birth--

Stripp'd of each jewel which it whilom wore,
The lawn, the thicket that around it ran,
And rest of beauties that adorn'd it more—
The face of woman and the form of man—

Baffles conception with its altered mien,
Its wither'd charms, its desolated plain ;
And mocks remembrance as the fairy scene
That haunts the vision of a drowsy brain ?

O'er the bright picture which my fancy drew,
When memory recall'd my native land,
Her richest tints hope prodigally threw,
Nor let fear shade it with her dark'ning hand !

Each friend was figured with a youthful air,
Each scene of childhood with a vernal bloom ;
Fond memory portray'd them as they were—
They *were*—is all that registers their doom.

But tho' each form that infancy revered
Be rooted from Life's scenery around—
Tho' every friendship that my youth endeared
Be sealed in yonder consecrated ground—

Those mossy monuments o'er Life decayed,
Where grief has pour'd her tributary tears—
That holy fane so rurally array'd,
Deck'd in the ivy of a hundred years—

Call back each friend that once adorn'd the scene,
Wake every sleeper from his bed below ;
Blot out an age, as tho' it ne'er had been,
And smoothe the furrows on my careworn brow !

Yon holy relic of the olden time,
Raised by our papal ancestry to God ;
The porch where penitence confess'd its crime,
The marble aisle where penance, barefoot, trod—

Brings each its group for memory to scan,
And opens widely Time's extensive store ;
Here—old men gossipp'd ere the priest began,
There—weigh'd his merits when the prayer was o'er !

But tho' remembrance lure them from the ground,
Brief is the pleasure which the visions shed ;
Each seems to beckon to some mossy mound
That marks the scanty couches of the dead.

Yes ! I will follow. If there be on earth
One feeling unalloy'd by worldly stain,
It is the mem'ry of departed worth,
Cheer'd by the hope that we shall meet again—

In those fair realms that stretch beyond the tomb—
That after-world to which the spirit flies,
Where faded Nature renovates its bloom
Beneath the canopy of cloudless skies !

Let not derision ridicule the thought,
Sacred is sorrow—hallow'd are the dead ;
Here many sleep who held the heav'ns at nought—
Perchance they slumber in a restless bed !

Oh ! what a lesson may the human mind
Call from the relics that around are cast !
Here every passion that inflamed mankind,
Brilliant or baneful, is consumed at last !

The boast of pedigree is silenced here,
The ducal coronet no longer gleams ;
And Nature prompts a sympathizing tear
O'er the foil'd statesman's visionary dreams !

For he had built his ardent hopes on fame,
And deem'd his laurels with the world would bloom ;
But faded are his honours, and his name
Is only gather'd from a mould'ring tomb !

The gallant chief, who gloried in the streak
Of damask tinge upon his dauntless brow,
Lies conquer'd here—and not a foe so weak
To fear the weapon of the warrior now !

E'en he, the magnate of unrivall'd fame,
In camp or council so severely just,
Is known no more but as an honour'd name
That raised Britannia's standard from the dust !

A nation mourns around the gorgeous bier
That bears the hero to his last repose ;
And the proud trophy of a monarch's tear
Hallows the wearied vet'ran's earthly close !

For he was true to virtue's sacred cause,
No subtle windings mark'd the paths he trod ;
Scorning as tinsel the crowd's vain applause,
He lived but for his country and his God.

As streams that wander thro' the veins of earth
In the deep bosom of the ocean blend—
So Death unites variety of birth ;
All Nature waits an equalizing end !

The Bard of pathos, and the Sage sublime,
The bud of promise, and th' expanded flow'r—
Spoil'd by the ever-wasting hand of Time,
Wither alike beneath the tyrant's power.

Yet as some blossoms, rifled of their bloom,
Yield a sweet fragrance when the flow'ret dies—
So Virtue breathes an odour from the tomb,
Shrined in the mem'ry of the good and wise.

* * * * *

To tread the region sacred to decay,
To mark the tomb that decorates the dead ;
O'er some to ponder, and perchance to pray,
'Mid kindred dust to rest my weary head—

To watch the sexton, as his ruthless hand
Severs the relic from its ancient tomb ;
O'er human skull in silent awe to stand,
And breathe conjecture on its faded bloom—

To call back beauty that had haply claim'd
The tend'rest passion, or the fondest sigh ;
To picture loveliness once widely famed
For auburn ringlet, or for deep-blue eye—

To touch the brow that peradventure bore
The humble ivy, or the haughty crest ;
With Spurzheim's light the cavern to explore,
And learn the passion that o'erruled the rest—

To me is pleasure—I have fled from mirth
That lighter spirits would delight to share,
To view the fallen usher'd to the earth,
And list the solemn and consigning prayer !

In youth, I loved amid this scene to roam,
And scan the mourner with an eye severe;
To watch the features that o'erlooked the tomb,
And sift the genuine from the artful tear.

Since then, how oft has summer's scorching heat
Branded the cheek on which its rays were shed !
How oft chill winter with its snow and sleet
Has left its silv'ry tints upon my head !

Yet, once again I totter to the shrine,
To visage Death, and register his spoil ;
To laud the good, and deprecate the line
Of flatt'ring falsehood that profanes the soil.

'Tis not the marble's sycophantic praise,
Vaunting the virtue that was not possess'd ;
'Tis not the stone posterity can raise
That bids the mem'ry of the Dead be bless'd !

Could sounds of sorrow rend Death's dreary cell,
Or sculpture wake pale Nature from repose,
Few heirs o'er destiny had wept so well,
Or costly tablet chronicled their woes !

O'er reckless vagrant that forsook his home,
This lowly emblem of his rank is spread,
To warn the peasant who would idly roam,
And feed existence on dependent bread.

He barter'd health and strength for daily alms,
Wrung from the stranger by well-practised tears ;
And freed by Death from penury's alarms,
Compassion wrapp'd him in the shroud he wears !

Blessed be the voice that summon'd him from hence,
He scarcely can be doom'd a heavier curse ;
Who, living, crouch'd for charitable pence,
And died a debtor to the parish purse !

Here sleeps the scion of a noble race,
 'And lovers' vows are whisper'd o'er the spot ;
Who lost his birthright for a lovely face,
 Woo'd from the shelter of a peasant's cot.

Spurn'd by a father, of unfeeling pride,
 Whom duty bound to pardon and protect ;
All rites of kindred fellowship denied,
 He fell an early victim to neglect.

Beside him rests, within a humble shrine,
 The wife whose life was grafted on his stem ;
Whose *worth* had taught him Virtue was the mine
 From whence she drew her most attractive gem !

Think not, oh ! noble, that your son disgraced
 Or stained the laurels on your titled brow ;
Who deems the forest's tow'ring oak defaced
 When the fond ivy twines around its bough ?

Hark ! 'tis the knell of death—that thrilling tale—
 Embodying grief into the airy wind ;
Now blends its mournful measures on the gale
 In mock'ry of the tones I left behind.

The marriage peals then floated on the air
 In joyful chorus, and the village throng
Strew'd yonder path with many a flow'ret fair
 As the gay bridal pageant wound along.

That sister dear—she glides before me now—
 Radiant in beauty, as when last we met
I press'd upon her pure ingenuous brow
 The last sad ling'ring kiss of fond regret.

Then I beheld her as a youthful bride
 Pledged unto one I scarcely held less dear :
Ah ! little deemed we Time's resistless tide
 So soon would terminate their bright career !

A white rose blossoms o'er the hallow'd grave,
Where faithful unto death their forms recline
In calm repose—nor need affection crave
A fairer monument to grace their shrine !

Beneath yon willow and its drooping leaf,
Planted to pity by a hand unknown,
Sleeps a fair suicide—the child of grief—
Resting her hopes on clemency alone.

Vent not one curse on the frail mortal there,
The very boughs seem weeping as they wave ;
If conscious guilt reduced her to despair,
Repentance brought her to an early grave.

Weep, daughters, weep !—the ravages of men—
Weep, daughters, weep !—the victim of your pride—
A sister sinn'd, and was it mercy then
To cast the veil of charity aside ?

Was such the sympathy your Saviour bore ?
Was such the spirit that around Him shone ?
Who warn'd detected crime to “ sin no more,”
And bade the guiltless cast the ready stone ?

List, ye destroyers of terrestrial bliss,
Whose touch unhallow'd taints the purest bloom ;
Ye thoughtless many, whose empoison'd kiss
Sends blighted beauty to a scornful tomb !

Think on yon sleeper ! can her fate recall
No deeds that shun the scrutiny of thought ?
Contrition woos ye—ere Death's sable pall
Dooms ye for wrongs your selfishness has wrought !

Gently reclining on the “ lap of earth,”
In dreamless sleep—of happiness secure—
Rests the sweet prattler of a widow'd hearth,
Love's last lone blossom, that was deem'd so sure !

Thrice-favour'd infant ! though unknown to fame,
For thee a bless'd Redeemer fondly pleads ;
A higher rank His " little ones " can claim
Than all the zealots of conflicting creeds !

Here let me pause—this consecrated sod
Awakens sorrowful, yet soothing thought :
Here rests the faithful minister of God,
Who strictly practised all the truths he taught.

Scant were his riches, wondrous was his power,
With holy words to soothe the tears of grief ;
His life flowed on as a perpetual shower
Of goodly gifts, and merciful relief.

His time and worldly store he sought to spend,
Where'er stern want or misery abode ;
He loved his creed, yet others ne'er condemn'd
Who sought Salvation by a diff'rent road !

No lengthen'd lays his deeds of love proclaim,
Few are the words that Piety displays :
His wish—a simple stone, a date, a name,
And a fair blank to illustrate his days !

Would that each minister of gospel lore
Had left behind a memory as bless'd !
Would each had dignified the garb he wore,
And strictly follow'd what his lips impress'd !

'Tis not vain bickerings o'er points of faith,
Orthodox rancour, or sectarian gloom—
'Tis not the homily the preacher saith
That gilds his name, or consecrates his tomb !

'Tis love, undimm'd by taint of party leav'n,
Confers this high and enviable lot :
The love that, as a sunbeam bright from heav'n,
Illumes and gladdens e'en the humblest cot.

All minor forms of worship or belief
Are but as settings to that glorious gem ;
The transient foliage of the with'ring leaf
That fades but to reveal th' abiding stem.

The varied creeds that history displays
Blossom an instant—but to fall and die
Beneath the "Sun of Righteousness," whose rays
Of matchless splendour emanate on high.

Alas! that men should dare to fling aside
The gentle, loving counsels of the cross,
For the harsh censures, overweening pride,
And scornful arrogance of mortal dross !

Champions of Christendom ! unite to wield
The only weapon worthy of your cause !
Be Charity alike the sword and shield
With which you vindicate God's holy laws !

Your mission is to spread through every land,
As waters *o'er* the bosom of the deep,
Your risen Saviour's solemn, last command—
"Go, if thou lovest me, and feed my sheep."

Call back the lost, the erring, and the maim'd ;
Within your hearts the human race enfold !
Perchance the vilest yet can be reclaim'd—
The sickliest of the flock may gain the fold !

Here must I close my wandering career,
Here pitch my stationary tent at last ;
The land that mem'ry long has held so dear
Shall veil my relics when their hour is past !

Yet ere the soul forsake its mortal coil,
Fain would the minstrel, ere his last repose,
Breathe forth upon this venerated soil
The ardent prayer with which his life shall close !

Oh Lord of Glory ! let that era come
When persecution's bitter strife shall cease,
And pilgrims of all lands shall journey home
In holy bonds of brotherhood and peace !
Diffuse thy Spirit ! bid thy pastors prove,
Whate'er their varying forms of prayer or creed,
They hold communion in th' expansive love
That leads to ev'ry kindly thought and deed !
Doubt, shame, and sorrow then shall pass away ;
Evil be banish'd from the haunts of men ;
And from each realm that owns Creation's sway
Shall Nature's myriad voices chime Amen !

WILLIAM CATCOTT.

THE following effusions are by the author of "Morning Musings," &c., a volume of considerable merit, written during the leisure of a member of the Literary Institution at Wells.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

BESIDE the frowning Yew
A lovely Primrose grew,
And sweetly blossom'd there,
'Midst winter's frosts severe ;
In cold December's gloom
It opened into bloom,
And like a star it shone
In beauty, all alone.
I watch'd the precious gem
Upon its tiny stem,
Within its leafy nest,
And hail'd the welcome guest ;

And every time I pass'd
It smil'd upon the waste,
And beautified the spot
Around my humble cot.

So genius sheds its rays
In trial's bitterest days,
And germs of brilliant thought
Are to perfection brought;
Though thorns may choke the way,
And clouds hang o'er the day,
The mind displays its might,
And bears its blossoms bright.

So virtue, like the flower,
In life's tempestuous hour
Can smile serenely sweet,
And every danger greet;
Watch'd by a loving eye
Above the starry sky,
And screen'd from every harm
By an Almighty arm.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

THERE'S something in the twilight hour
More charming than the glare of day,
When fragrant zephyrs fan the bower,
And birds pour forth their evening lay;
'Tis then the careworn spirit feels
A soothing sense of calm delight,—
A holy influence o'er it steals,
And makes it teem with fancies bright.

How sweet to listen to the stream
That ripples o'er its pebbled bed,—
To close the eye, and fondly dream
Of happier hours we thought were fled !
To watch the stars—the eyes of night—
In glory twinkling in the sky,
And, musing on those worlds of light,
Feel lost in silent ecstasy !

In that calm hour, how sweet to think
That life has sunny—happy days,
And fountains pure, where all may drink
And give the Lord of nature praise !
Though threat'ning clouds may sometimes low'r
And cast their shadows on our way,
The sun that shone before the show'r
Will shine when it has pass'd away.

And though the sunny days of youth
Are now for ever fled and gone,—
Those happy days, when love and truth
In all their winning lustre shone ;
The present, with its shades of care,
Has glorious gleams of sunshine too,
Its mornings fresh, and evenings fair,—
Its prospects ever bright and new.

And while Hope paints the coming hours
With hues more dazzling than the last,
How sweet to dream amongst the flowers,
The future will outshine the past !
And muse with rapture on the day
Destined to end the spirit's strife,
And give it wings to soar away
To realms of endless light and life !

RURAL PLEASURES.

OH ! where the stream flows o'er the pebbles clear,
And charms with music sweet the list'ning ear ;
Where blooms the violet blue and primrose pale,
Adown the lovely elm-clad shelter'd vale ;
Where Nature ever wears her robe of green,
And rural beauty glows in every scene ;
Where zephyrs sing to rest the dying day,
Far from the city's smoke and din away—
There let me ramble oft at day's decline,
And cheerful homage pay at Nature's shrine ;
There lonely muse on that mysterious power
That lights the twinkling stars and rears the flower ;
There close my eye and view the spirit-land,
And crush the cares of life with fancy's wand !

THE SABBATH MORN.

How soothing is the hallow'd calm—
The stillness of a sabbath morn !
'Tis something like a heavenly balm,
Poured o'er the weary and forlorn.
It yields a sense of sweet repose,
Which, stealing gently o'er the breast, :
Beguiles it sweetly of its woes,
And lulls the passions all to rest.
Oh ! 'tis to me a blessed hour
For quiet thought and earnest prayer ;
A time to feel the spirit's power,
And muse away the stings of care !
'Tis sweet to hear the bells invite
The pilgrim to the house of prayer ;
Sweet to invoke the Lord of light
For strength the ills of life to bear.

And, oh ! 'tis sweet to stand alone,
And muse in Nature's temple fair ;
And deeply feel, and humbly own,
That Nature's God is present there.

In contemplation calm, the mind
A buoyant sense of freshness feels—
Mounts up through Nature unconfined,
And to the court of heaven steals.

The scenes of earth, tho' fair and bright,
Fail to arrest its upward flight ;
It soars on pinions light as air,
And bends before the Infinite !

TITHES IN KIND.

ONE sunny morn a parson shorn,
And trimm'd from top to toe completely,
Walk'd forth at ease, 'neath shady trees,
Absorbed in thought, and wond'ring greatly
How 'twas that men should now and then
Forget to recompense him duly ;
Since he had taught them as he ought,
And told them all their errors truly.

'Twas hard, he felt, that so much thought
And constant labour should be wasted,
For in the shade he'd sermons made,
And for their sakes had pray'd and fasted.
At length he saw a cottage low,
Mark'd well its little garden blooming,
And witness'd there the rustic's care,
And saw his bees their toils resuming.

He gazed, and lo ! in one long row
Ten hives of bees he reckon'd.
Yes, there they were—he saw them clear,
And to the owner straightway beckon'd.
John doff'd his tile, and with a smile
The portly rector kindly greeted ;
“ Why, bless me, John ! how you get on !
While I am daily wrong'd and cheated !”

“ I'm come to ease you of some bees,
For surely you've a hive too many ;
You've ten, I see, and one to me
Belongs, for I have scarcely any.”
The rector ceas'd, his mind he'd eas'd,
But John look'd gloomy on the pastor—
He wish'd him dead, yet calmly said,
“ I'll bring them in the evening, master.”

A lucky thought on Johnny wrought,
It made him smile, it was so funny ;—
The scheme was deep—the hive he'd keep,
And give the bees without the honey.
When ev'ning came, John play'd his game,
And did complete what he'd been scheming ;
Took o'er the bees, with perfect ease,
With pleasure on his features beaming.

The pastor's door he reach'd secure,
And, quite elated with his notion,
Into the hall, with bees and all,
He popp'd, and set the swarm in motion.
“ The hive is mine, the bees are thine !”
He cried, and instantly retreated ;
While the whole swarm, in dire alarm,
Were quickly on the parson seated.

The servants squall'd, the master bawl'd,
And all appear'd like people crazy ;
John closed the door, and said, " I'm sure
You've got my bees, I hope they'll please ye."

HARVEST HOME.

I'LL tune my lyre among the sheaves to-day,
And joy shall be the burden of the strain ;
The fresh'ning breeze shall waft it o'er the plain,
And wrinkled care shall laugh his frowns away.
While sturdy rustics rear the golden mows,
With wreaths of corn we'll deck the gleaners' brows,
And make the sun-burnt beauties smile again ;
With autumn's flowers we'll trim the loaded wain,
And poor old Dobbin, too, shall wear a crown
Of scarlet berries gather'd on the down.
The music of the rustling sheaves shall thrill
Each grateful heart, and make the homestead ring,
And bustling red-fac'd dames with voices shrill
Shall sip the pure " home-brew'd," and dance and sing.

J. KILBOURN.

THE following contributions, exhibiting considerable promise, will be welcome to our readers : they are extracted from a volume in MS., which the author intends publishing.

THE BEREAVED SERENADER.

I.

I REACHED my lyre :
Across its trembling strings I swept mine hand ;
It roused within my heart its hallow'd fire,—
It touched my soul as with a magic wand.

One hurried note alone was strangely spoken,
Which made me thrill :
I looked, and lo ! my fondest lyre was broken—
(I took this as a sad, unearthly token) :
And all was still ;

Save one stray note of angel-music,
Swept with the gale ;
It answered back in melody far sweeter
My harp's death-wail.

A silvery cloud then opened, and rays glistening
Like golden arrows shot to earth ;
I heard another gush of tenderest music,
Which heaven gave birth.

Ah ! then I knew a spirit pure had enter'd
That land of peace ;
Some sinless soul, upborne on angels' pinions,
Was hailed to bliss.

Ah ! then I knew the warning note and echo ;
My hopes were fled :
My lyre, my fondest lyre was broken—
My Love was dead !

II.

As zephyrs pass away,
Kissing yon hill ;
As dies a summer's day,
Breathless and still ;
As sinks the sun to rest,
Bright in the distant west—
So did my true-love glide sweetly away.

As some fair floweret,
Perfuming the air,
Receives from the cloudlet
The last falling tear,

Ere yet it expands
In full beauty to bloom
Is plucked by some rude hands,
And cast in the tomb—
So death plucked the lily which grew in my breast,
And bore it away to the “realms of the blest.”

As dewdrops are kissed home,
So sweetly to heaven,
Their stay here is welcome,
Though not for long given :
The sun sends its brightest ray,
Ere well the dawn of day,
Singing, “ *O come away,*
Dewdrop, sweet dewdrop,
Come back to thine home !”

So was my true-love
Kissed early away,
Allured to her home above,
Far, far away.
Like the dewdrop, her emblem,
She was not long given ;
For an angel came softly,
And woo’d her to heaven.

III.

And now my harp is hung
Upon the trembling willows bending low,—
Now shatter’d and unstrung,
No more will softest music from it flow.

But through its broken strings
Sweet zephyrs ever sigh ;
Still music to it clings,
In death it cannot die.

Though hush'd its voice be now
'Twill not be ever dumb—
When angels wreathe *my* angel's brow,
In heaven the angels' home.
At that grand Jubilee,
When love is crowned in heaven,
My harp will ring with melody,
My heart will sing with ecstasy,
My heart, my harp, my love will be,
Unto each other given.
Ah! then will love and music wedded be,
In that fair world above;
Love ever breathed in music free;
The music full of love.
Ah! then I'll reach my lyre, [hand,
Athwart its trembling strings I'll sweep mine
Celestial music shall my soul inspire,
In that serene abode, our Eden-land.
The willows here, the palm-branch there;
Awhile the silence, soon the song;
Alone to-day, cast down in sorrow,
A meeting full of joy to-morrow;
And music all day long!

A MISSION OF LOVE.

A FLOWER perfuming
The ambient air,
So silently blooming,
So modestly fair:
I watch'd it unfolding
Its leaves to my view,
Silently bursting
In loveliest hue.

Its fragrance seem'd Eden,
Perfuming the breeze
As it sigh'd through the branches
Of o'erhanging trees ;
It basked in the sunlight,
Drank in golden rays,
Made the love-birds so joyous,
They sang their best lays.
But at night it was drooping,
The sunbeams were gone ;
Far off were the songsters,
And it was alone :
But a star there was trembling,
Far up in the sky,
Which saw the lone flower,
And long'd to be nigh,
Lest beauty deserted
Should languishing die.
So it pray'd to the gods
A dewdrop to be,
And it slid down a moonbeam
Its love-flower to see ;
The flower was made happy,—
The star had found rest ;
As the fragrance of *welcome*
Arose from its breast !

W. R. EVANS.

To the readers of former volumes of the "Souvenir" Mr. Evans has already been introduced as a self-taught working man. By his "Century of Fables in Verse," and his "Lays of other Lands and Original Poems," he has proved his capacity to instruct and please, if not to startle or enthrall. Simple and natural in his diction, but at the same time precise and elegant, he attempts no subject beyond his power, and succeeds in what he attempts. His "Century of Fables" received such unqualified praise, and is indeed a work of such merit, that we are glad to hear he is now engaged on a similar volume, from the manuscript of which we have the opportunity of selecting.

THE CROCODILE'S GRIEF.

BESIDE the river Nile one day
 Two boys went merrily to play
 At making ducks and drakes with each
 Flat pebble lying in their reach,
 Nor spied a Crocodile, who caught
 The younger as a stone he sought;
 When swift the elder fled the bank,
 As with his prey the monster sank.

An honest Sturgeon, who had been
 A witness of this fearful scene,
 With horror from the spot withdrew,
 And sought to hide himself from view;
 But while he lay conceal'd hard by,
 He heard the reptile groan and sigh,
 And sob as he would break his heart.

"Ah!" thought the Sturgeon, "tis the smart
 Of his remorse! thus Providence
 In him avenges innocence.
 Now while his breast is touch'd, betimes,
 I'll urge repentance of his crimes."

So, rising from the river-bed,
The Sturgeon to the mourner sped :
“ Weep on ! ” he cried, “ weep for the wrong
That thou hast perpetrated long.
Let thy fierce soul in penitence dissolve,
And Heaven, perchance, may yet absolve.
Think of the blood that thou hast spilt !
I weep, and shudder at thy guilt ;
And thou e’en canst but sob and groan.”

“ True,” said the monster, “ that I own.
Two boys upon the bank I saw,
And got the smaller in my maw ;
But how can I my grief restrain,
To lose the bigger of the twain ? ”

Such the regret that oft succeeds
To incompleated evil deeds.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

THE sweet and tender Philomel,
Beneath a summer evening sky,
His tale of love began to tell
To Echo, with melodious sigh.

A Peacock in a coppice nigh,
The sultan bird of the domain,
With tossing head and hideous cry
Essay’d to stop the liquid strain.

“ Hold, vapid singer, if thou’rt wise !
In vain a thing with those dull plumes,
With that long beak, and those great eyes,
To charm the feather’d race presumes.

"To beauty it alone belongs
To sing of tenderness and love :
How dar'st thou tune thy witless songs
While I am silent in the grove ?"
"Excuse me," Philomel replied :
"True, not in beauty I rejoice ;
And if I sing at eventide,
I have no title but my voice.
"And thou, who biddest me be still
In arrogant and angry tone,
Thou singest not, for want of skill,
And hast but looks to call thine own.
"I grant these may be fair to view ;
But true love such can never win :
More than mere outward form and hue
Love prizes music from within."

THE HAWK AND THE PIGEON.

A Hawk flew down with sudden swoop,
And seized a Pigeon on her coop :
"Oh, wretch," he cried, "of evil mind !
Inveterate foe of all my kind !
Die now I have thee in my power :
Heaven grants just vengeance in this hour !"

"Oh, that it would !" the Pigeon cried.
"Base infidel !" the Hawk replied :
"Doubt the just providence of Heaven ?
My wrongs I might have yet forgiven ;
But now, vile creature, slaying thee
I strike for Heaven, and not for me !"

What villain but could thus adduce
For crime some plausible excuse ?

THE LINNET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A LINNET once so sweetly sang,
That everywhere his praises rang,
Till, thinking none might him excel,
He made a match with Philomel.

They chose a fitting place for sound,
And call'd the feather'd race around,
Who, perching near on branch and spray,
Chose umpires to decide the day;
And these were birds of no mean mark,
The Blackbird, Robin, Thrush and Lark.

A herald gave the signal now,
And all grew still on every bough;
Then, summon'd to display his skill,
The challenger began to trill,
Before the hush'd, attentive throng,
A sweetly-modulated song,
With notes so varied, soft, and clear,
They brought delight to every ear;
And when at whiles he made a pause,
The wood was ringing with applause.

He ceased, and silence by degrees
Return'd among the peopled trees.

Then Philomel was bid to start,
And soon enchanted many a heart.
Three pure accords of sweetest tone,
With perfect cadence all his own,
Began the lay, which swell'd ere long
Into a rich and gushing song,
With falls and rises not a few,
That blent in music rich and true.
With native ease, the supple throat
Instinctive pass'd from note to note,

While all the birds in silence listen'd,
Though many an eye with pleasure glisten'd.

But still a warm debate arose
Among the umpires at the close.
The Lark and Robin did not choose
To see their friend the Linnet lose,
And thought it fairest to declare
The merit equal in the pair :
The Thrush and Blackbird still averr'd
The Nightingale the winning bird ;
Till, as they argued o'er the matter,
The crowd join'd in with chirp and chatter.
Of course, few birds of taste could fail
To take part with the Nightingale ;
But love of opposition drew
Adverse shouts from a songless few.
" I," cried a Jackdaw, " like the Jay,
Believe the Linnet won the day."
The judges heard, and in a minute
Decided each against the Linnet.

Thus fools will surely mar your fame
More by approval than by blame.

VIRTUE'S MIRROR.

WHEN men lived virtuously of old
In the pacific age of gold,
And days flowed by unmarr'd by doubt,
Truth with her mirror roam'd about ;
And all beheld, devoid of fear,
Their souls reflected, bright and clear :
Unblushing each upon his face
His wishes or his thoughts could trace.

But soon, alas ! this happy time
Made way for one of vice and crime,
And Truth, from mankind's presence driven,
Flew sorrowfully back to heaven,
Casting her mirror, as she sped,
Upon a barren mountain's head.

The glass was riven by the fall,
And scatter'd lay, unknown to all.
But after many ages men
Began to feel its need again ;
And zealous sages, who had heard
Traditions how the loss occur'd,
On weary pilgrimage would start,
In hope of finding e'en a part.
A few essay'd the mount's ascent,
And found a fragment as they went ;
But none discover'd more, alas !
Than narrow splinters of the glass—
So small that most of men on earth,
As yet have never own'd their worth.
And those that have could seldom find
Reflected even half their mind.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A FARMER by a fire was doom'd
To see his earthly all consumed,
When by his neighbours, friends, and kith,
Yea, even his favourite dog, forthwith
Forsaken, he was left to moan
O'er his unhappy fate alone—
Alone but for a tabby Cat,
Who on the ground beside him sat.
“Poor Puss,” he said, “art thou indeed
My only friend in time of need ?

Ah! why am I too poor to share
With one so kind a beggar's fare!
Yet no; there still remains to me
One scrap of meat,—I'll give it thee."

"Ah!" cried the Cat, as with a bound
She caught the meat up from the ground,
"I knew you had this by the smell:
Now you have nothing, so farewell!"

Ah! foulest of all villains he
Who preys on a friend's poverty.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAGIC LANTERN

ONCE, in a yellow caravan,
About the country stroll'd a man,
In town and village to display
A motley show from day to day.
He own'd a dwarf, a learned hog,
A monkey and performing dog,
A magic lantern shown at nights,
And various other wondrous sights.

Ere Blondin yet his life had chanced,
Upon the tight-rope Jacko danced,
With somersaults and tricks so many
That none begrudged the entrance-penny,
But to applause both long and loud
The Monkey oft politely bow'd.

One evening after many a prank,
As at the inn his master drank,
The dancer, leaping from the van,
Off to a neighbouring farm-yard ran,
Where in a barn awhile ago
He had been acting in the show,

And in his hand the lantern took,
That beasts and birds might have a look.

“Walk in,” he cried, “and see the sight :
’Tis positively the last night !
So great a treat you should not lose :
There’s nought to pay unless you choose !”
And so from phrase to phrase he ran
As glibly as a merryman,
Till, ere the end of his oration,
The place was fill’d to suffocation,
With cocks and hens, geese, turkeys, hogs,
Cows, horses, ducks, sheep, cats, and dogs.

Our friend now took a slide in hand,
And carefully arranged the stand,
Commanding silence, until each
Stood still to hear the opening speech ;
But Jacko spun it out so long,
He raised impatience in the throng ;
So putting in a colour’d slide,
“Now, now, my friends, behold !” he cried :
“On yonder sheet you will perceive
The noble Adam and the lovely Eve.
Behold the animals of every race
As tame as any in this place :
This was before Eve took the fruit,
And brought disgrace on man and brute.
And now we come to Noah’s ark,
Just as the passengers embark :
Behold the creatures entering there,
The lion, elephant, and bear ;
And if you watch the moving throng,
You’ll see your ancestors ere long.”

The audience gazed, and gazed again,
And rubb’d their eyes, but all in vain.

Upon the sheet no form was seen ;
 All wonder'd what the show could mean.
 "Humph !" said a dog, with muffled bark,
 "How can we see here in the dark?"—
 "I see quite well," exclaim'd a cat ;
 "I see a sheet, but only that !"
 "Nay," said a goose, "I do declare,
 Though I'm short-sighted, something's there."

But still above the gaping crowd
 The Monkey prated on aloud :
 From slide to slide he duly pass'd,
 Until he finish'd with the last.
 Then all dispersed, with shrug and wink,
 A few to eat and more to drink.

What think you, reader, was the cause
 That Jacko now won no applause?
 The slides he certainly could handle,
 But never thought to light the candle !

So ye, fine writers, who rehearse
 Inanity in prose and verse,
 With pentasyllables by scores,
 Or metre true as Pope's or Moore's,
 Still one thing shows your vain pretence—
 The total lack of common sense.

THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN WOLF.

ONE day, when Bruin and his mate
 Had been abroad till rather late,
 Upon returning home they found
 Their young cubs dead upon the ground,
 With gory hide and mangled form,
 Though yet the carcasses were warm.

The assassin seem'd to have fled in haste,
But not a footstep could be traced.

Straight to the Lion Bruin sped,
To ask an inquest on the dead ;
Which granted, all the brutes next day
Were summon'd by a Donkey's bray.
They stood around, with breath subdued,
The while the torn remains were view'd ;
When Leo, with majestic tone,
Cried : " What of this fell deed is known ?
Our brother's children have been slain
Like base-born sheep that browse the plain :
What recreant brute hath dared to shed
The blood of creatures noble bred ?"

" I," said the Wolf, " will swear, for one,
I was at home when this was done.
Ten witnesses will prove me ill :
I could not eat ; why should I kill ?"
And as the monarch gazed on him,
The speaker shook in every limb.

" Ah !" cried the king, " wert thou impeach'd ?
I see thy craft is overreach'd.
How knowest thou so well the time
That witness'd this detested crime ?
A guilty conscience bids thee speak,
And yield the evidence we seek.
Behold the culprit ! seize him, Bear,
And venge thy desolated lair !"

So self-condemn'd the culprit died,
Discovering guilt he strove to hide.

JANE MATILDA HOLLYOCK,

A LADY favourably known as a contributor to "Blackwood's Ladies' Magazine." From several poems, too diffuse for publication in the "Poetical Souvenir," we select the following.

A COLOURING FROM LIFE.

AUTUMN's sun was slowly sinking to the lovely far-off
west ;
Nature's flowers the dew were drinking, ere their
petals closed for rest ;
Singing-birds their songs were chanting, floating gaily
through the air ;
And our lovers roam'd in rapture through a beautiful
parterre.
Closely clasp'd his hand the maiden, while she raise
her eyes of blue,
Lit with love's unvarying colour—lit with love's tran-
scendent hue ;
Close he clasp'd her fair form to him with a joy no lips
may tell,
As he led her through the pathway to the fairy trysting-
dell.
Here again were breathed their fond hopes—here they
vow'd unalter'd love,
And the light of Heaven upon them seem'd a blessing
from above ;
Named the time, and seal'd the contract with their
lips of loving truth ;
And they parted while the twilight closed around these
dreams of youth.

* * * *

Reach we now the darkling winter, and the maiden—
where is she ?
Sitting in a lonely cottage, gazing on the troubled sea ;
Fill'd her eyes with pearly dewdrops, such as maiden
loves to shed,
When her own has left her bosom, and she deems him
worse than dead.
Slowly wanes the winter even, and the sea again is
calm,
But the maiden sadly muses, where for her is Gilead's
balm ?
Envy's eyes and tones have won him—now he roves
beneath her glance ;
Who from the abyss shall save him ? who shall wake
him from the trance ?
Oft he falters in his footsteps ; oft he wonders if the
spell
Which has lured him on with pleasure, did with truth
its chapter tell ;
Passes from the gentle whisper, which would bid him
search the past,
Kill with truth each coming slander, and the tongue of
envy blast.
Faint and feebler grows the maiden, till the hectic tells
too well
She is doom'd to pass the portal where Death standeth
sentinel.
Now, he turns with pitying accent, fain would stay the
approaching sun
Which will see the mournful moment when her earthly
course is run.
Gently now her hand he raises, softly smooths the
pillow'd head ;
Turns his eye, in mournful sorrow, from the cheek
where health has fled ;

Kneels beside the dying maiden, begs from Heaven his
fond desire
That her lips may turn and bless him, ere the lamp of
life expire.
Full and glowing breaks the morning, ushering in the
coming day,
While Death signs the heavenly summons which for-
bids a longer stay.
Now an angel bears her spirit to a land of heartfelt
bliss,
And his heart is closed for ever by that pure im-
passion'd kiss.
When the canopy of darkness spreads her sable curtains
round,
Glides a tall and shadowy figure through the church-
yard's hallow'd ground.
Listen to the words he utters, as he kneels beneath the
tree :—
“ Let thy Saviour be my Saviour ! angel spirit, pray
for me ! ”

EMILY ALLEN.

EMILY ALLEN, I once beheld thee,
Schoolmate of childhood's earliest hours,
Sister of frolicsome mirth and mischief,
All unstable as summer showers.
Then we roamed the fields and wild woods,
Cheerful and careless, merry and gay,
Gathering freely of life's rich bounty,
Ere the declining of autumn's day.
Emily Allen, I next beheld thee,
Wooded and won, a consenting bride,
Trusting and yielding thy life's devotion
To him who protected with manly pride.

Thou wert happy, I knew thee happy,
Prayed for no blight on thy future years,
Lifted the wreath from thy pale high forehead,
Bade thee adieu as we mingled our tears.

Emily Allen, I now behold thee,
Widowed and weary, pale and worn,
Gone is the being thy fond heart trusted,
Dim is the star of thy "bridal morn."

Father of Heaven, my friend, support thee,
Take thee under His cherishing wing;
Lighten thy troubles, proclaim thy afflictions
As trials to bring thee nearer to Him.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE.

I saw her in the sunshine—a fair and fragile thing—
As beautiful, as fair a flower, as any of the spring;
I watched her as she sped along with heart both light
and free,

And thought how soon that fair young brow with
clouds might shadowed be.

The summer came—I saw her kneel beside the couch
of one

Who had watched her in her infancy, and o'er her
pillow hung;

And heard her breathe a silent prayer to Heaven's
throne above,

That God would in His mercy spare the mother of her
love.

'Twas autumn, and I saw them wreathe amid her
flowing hair

The orange and the jasmine bloom, with violets sweet
and rare;

I saw them give her hand to one, and heard her
pledge with truth
The love that she had borne to him up from her early
youth.

Stern winter came—again I saw the face that once was
fair ;

Again I heard that silvery tone breathe forth a fervent
prayer ;

Again I heard her turn and bless the husband of her
years ;

And then her spirit winged its way from this lone vale
of tears.

I stood beside the grave of her, and heard the blest
record,

She is not dead but sleepeth, for she trusted in the
Lord ;

And said to those that stood around, Why should we
weep and moan,

Since it has pleased our gracious God to call her spirit
home ?

GOOD THINGS.

A HOLY thing :

To see a glad and happy band
Around a Christian altar stand,
Give God our great Creator praise,
And on their knees benignly raise
A pious prayer.

A sacred thing :

To see a mother kneel and pray
Beside her little ones each day ;
Raising their tiny hands on high
To Him who rules the earth and sky,
Their Priest and King.

A touching thing :

To see a sister scorn'd, disgraced,
Contemn'd on earth, cast down, debased,
Raised by a sister good and pure
Who can the frowns of pride endure,
For pity's sake.

A blessed thing :

To see and know a friend proves true,
And feels and bears a love for you ;
Who undismayed by frown or fear,
When all forsakes, draws fondly near,
Though ills abound.

A heavenly thing :

To see a Christian pass in faith,
Led by the angel hand of death,
Into the Great Unknown, to share
The everlasting pleasures there,
Where all is peace !



THE FIRST TRUE PRAYER.

WINTER had come with its ice-clad morning,
Winter had come with its cold chill warning,
Telling of sorrow and want and dearth
And pitiful scenes on the desolate earth.

A lady paused, as she sat by a fire,
Wrapp'd in the warmth of her heart's desire ;
Paused and sighed as she thought of the poor,
The sorrow and suffering they endure.

She started, the thought had shaded her brow—
If I may be useful, 'tis surely now :
There are souls to save, there are mouths to feed ;
I will rouse me and help them whatever their creed.

The portal is pass'd, the street is gain'd,
Where the heart by misery long has been chain'd ;
She kneels beside the straw-cover'd bed,
And tenderly raises the sin-stain'd head.

She soothes each fear, relieves from her store,
And presses the coarse-grain'd hand once more ;
Tells kindly of home in a brighter sphere,
For the weary ones that are tarrying here.

She passes from thence—'tis a child of love,
That is taking its flight to the realms above ;
Her own eye glistens, no speech remains,
For that heart has been touch'd by no earthly stains.

No drug of disquiet has darken'd the brow
Of the pure fair soul that is passing now ;
The dull eye sickens, the light has fled,
And the fond mother weeps o'er the silent dead.

The lady kneels, but she utters no prayer,
In her breast is a tumult of wild despair ;
She flies from the drama, the scene is closed,
And the state of her heart to her eye exposed.

Her soul is awaken'd, she feels that the last
And sorrowful epoch in life has pass'd ;
She knew she had pray'd, and she deem'd with truth,
In the sunny days of her guileless youth.

She had buried herself in the Pharisee's shroud,
And had shaken her head at the worldly crowd ;
She had taught the lesson she long'd to know,
She had sow'd the seed that she wish'd to grow.

But she never had felt till now that the heart
Must give of its whole and not of its part,
And she turn'd from the child who died that day,
And silently murmured, Lord, teach me to pray !

THOMAS STANLEY TRACEY.

THE author of the following original compositions is a graduate Ex-Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and was uniformly a first-honour man of the same University. Mr. Tracey has for some years past been engaged in the editorial department of the "Limerick Reporter" newspaper.

A DEATH STUDY.

OH that when Death had set its seal
Upon an earthly sufferer's brow,
It left some traces to reveal
His state of being now !
Not for the philosophic fool
To supplement his creedless school,
But to convince the sons of pride
That God is still a friend, when there is none beside.
A son of Greece, whose country nursed
Unnumbered sophists, sages seven,
Said God created man, at first,
To move the mirth of Heaven ;
But more in man's short life appears,
Could angels weep, to move their tears :
Sorrows that weigh the senses down,
And seem to mark the loss of a once hoped-for crown.
The misery of this wasted mien
Is that of one who died forlorn—
A sufferer on a chequered scene,
With more of grief than scorn.
Those oft-repeated lines of care
Seem furrowed by an iron share :
Let me approach with bated breath
To spell the lore of life and mystery of death.

He seems not one that ever dreamed
Where shades of lasting horror lie,—
No sensual Sadducee who deemed
The God-like soul can die,—
Nor Stoic cold, whose deadening lore
Freezes the human feelings o'er,
Binding the soul in fatal chain
Whose primal links on earth the dreamers sought in
vain.

One ray alone akin to mirth
Remains of all the laughing train,—
If hope of Heaven or scorn of earth?
We ask, and ask in vain.
Perhaps the dead was doomed to keep
Sad vigils, ere his churchyard sleep,
And turned him to death's welcome rest,
Like a poor sullen child back to his mother's breast.

Nor is that smile a cynic's sneer,
Whose soul repelled his fellow-men,—
For softer traits are blended here
That challenge love again.
Perhaps he died unwept, unweeping,
Casting his soul on Heaven's keeping,
And knowing Death the gate of Life,
Received the conqueror's crown victorious in the strife!

THE DROWNED.

AN INCIDENT OF LOUGH REE.

THE mist is on the haunted lake, the sun is in the west,
His glory smiles like a dying saint as he gently sinks
to rest—

But there's a speck on heaven's verge that tells of
coming winds,
Like the bodings of approaching ill in sad and lonely
minds.

Who loiters on the lone Lough Ree?—the shades of
night are nigh—
A soldier and his only child, and one that saw them
die.
Death has no terrors for the brave whose ties are not
of earth,
But a father's heart is yielding stuff tho' a soldier from
his birth.

That soldier's voice had cheered his men on the
bloodiest fields of Spain,
When Europe from the Eagle's grasp had struggled
forth in vain,
Till the awful calm of British might to the storm of
battle grew,
And the War-god and his lion-guard went down at
Waterloo.

O ! golden-haired and blue-eyed child, too thoughtful
for thy years,
The roses from thy cheek are fled, thy eyes are dim
with tears—
Why seem those eyes like angel-souls that weep for
sins of men,
And having stayed too long from God would fain go
back again ?

His face was like the sunny lake in summer's calmest
hours,
As he wove a strange mysterious wreath of fancy's
funeral flowers,

Speaking of death and the spirit-land where the soul of
his mother dwelt—

Oh! ever doomed are the early wise who have thus
untimely felt.

But tho' the spark of childish minds was a living fire
in him,

The same had been his father's love, altho' that light
were dim :

He challenged the waves like a soldier's son, and
mocked the threatening wind—

But a lightning flash has struck the boy—the soldier's
son is blind !

Ah ! thro' their light boat's shivered mast the fire of
heaven has gone,

The herald of the dreadful peal that now comes thun-
dering on !—

They cannot sail, they cannot row ; the waters o'er
them sweep—

Their boat is cradled in the surf—the doomed are in the
deep.

“ Hold fast, hold fast ! ” the father cried, “ and bear a
soldier's heart,

In life we'll both together live—or in death we'll
never part.”

And his child he caught, and the wave he fought with
the giant arm of love,

But the father's strength has failed at length, and
another soul's above :

One shriek he gave of wild despair, and yielded to the
deep—

His son was gone, his labour done, he slept the lasting
sleep !

FOLK-LORE, THE FAIRY-STRICKEN.

O TIME, thou robber of our joys,
Where are our young friends gone—
The guileless world of girls and boys
That faded one by one?
A fairy band rejoices—
That dances on their graves;—
I hear their tiny voices,
Where the long grass waves.
And the music of these fairy lays
Is lovely, sweet and wild,
Like a Celtic song of other days,
That lullabies a child;
And human joy and sorrow,
And fancied ills and wrongs,
Are the favourite themes they borrow
For the subjects of their songs.
“O the fairies of these Danish raths
Will never go away;
You see us in our ancient paths,
In summer dreams by day—
When the lady lily’s bosom
Hath a lover of its own,
And the gorse’s golden blossom
Is the elfin monarch’s throne.
“They are not dead—these youthful friends—
We took them all away,
To meet the fallen angels’ ends,
’Till the light of Judgment Day;
For every changeling’s duty
A fallen one’s forgiven,—
For every stolen beauty,
A fairy enters heaven.

“ O, weep not then when youth departs
That long hath pined away ;—
Leaving a home of breaking hearts
For their little gods of clay :
They’re changed in expiation
Of childhood’s lesser sins,
And whoever joins our nation
Eternal glory wins.”

THE CHANGELING’S RECOLLECTIONS.

My life-lamp pales : but memory’s parting beam
Flashes full brightly with its dying glare
O’er the long past, when, in a childish dream,
I saw that fairy with the golden hair,
Whose rainbow promises, now lost in air,
My heaven of hope so long and brightly bound ;
Oh, that a form so soft and angel-fair
Should mask a soul so witch-like and profound ;
All jubilant ’midst ruin and despair—
My spirit faints—my eyes, in sorrow drown’d,
Wane like the moon, and my enchanted heart
Heaves with the pressure of unearthly care,
And yet she dooms me in her fairy song,
As if not she, but I, had done the wrong.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

A REMINISCENCE OF WAR.

THE star-bannered host had enshrouded its glory,
And silence was reigning around and above,
When a watcher repeated his sorrowful story,
A vision of war, in the vigils of love ;—

The moon like a beautiful spirit arose
From its vapoury sepulchre pale and serene,—
And memory stole upon nature's repose
Like summer's sweet breath from the blossoming
bean.

“O ! friend of my childhood, those halcyon days,”
Was friendship's lament in its sorrowful hour—
“When the spirit at large o'er the wilderness strays,
Extracting a sweet from each transient flower :

My heart is still with thee ! its early devotion
No distance can sever, no time can efface ;
For in fancy I bound o'er the desert of ocean
And fold thee once more in a parting embrace.

“Young travellers, we recked not the changes of
weather—

No damp o'er the fire of our spirits could steal—
But we'd rambled too long and too kindly together
To part without feeling as brothers might feel :—
And now thou art dead, but uninjured by time—
Thy incense of life not ingloriously shed—
Like the idols we worshipped in youth's happy prime,
When books were our world—when we lived with
the dead.

“Unschool'd in the lore of the valley of tears,
What pictures of life and adventure we drew,
While the rainbow of genius, the brightener of years,
Its beautiful hues o'er reality threw !

Alas ! what a world of mourners shall weep
That soldier's romance that hath lured thee so far—
When the Demon of Discord awakens from sleep,
And saddens the earth with the horrors of war.

“Posterity's curse and a desolate grave,
And laurels that wither in history's breath,
To the tyrants that reign by the blood of the brave ;
Their glory shall wane to the darkness of death.

But thou shalt repose with the noble of heart,
 And the kind and the true in the peace of the blest ;
 While thy presence will gladden, wherever thou art,
 The visions of those that have loved thee the best.
 " Farewell, my beloved, 'tis the hour for repose
 For hearts that are free from the presure of care—
 O'er the ramparts afar as the sentinel goes
 His night-call resounds on the stillness of air.
 A presage of promise that night-call shall be
 For thee who hast fought for a deathless reward—
 ' All's well ' with the bondsmen of nature set free,—
 ' All's well ' with the dead that have died in the
 Lord !"

THE ROMANCE-READER.

We laugh at poetry, yet still we cherish
 Some dreamy superstition of our own—
 Some fond delusion which we love alone :
 We would not have our childish pleasures perish,
 Or burn the wild romances of our youth,
 For all the lectures of pretentious truth.
 But it is impious to abuse our powers,
 For loftier studies, holier objects given,
 On worthless books : a serious life is ours—
 The stern probation state for hell or heaven.
 And sinful fictions are funereal flowers,
 Speaking of *death* through all their ghastly beauty ;
 Exaggerated thought's unrest devours
 The dreamy, changeful derelicts of duty.
 I knew a youth whom oft I chanced to see
 Conning the mysteries of a Gothic rhyme,
 Or wild love-legend of the olden time ;
 And much I feared his life would hapless be,
 Deeming the young idealist would prove
 Another victim of romance and love.

Time passed,—I met him in the world abroad,
 A lone and restless wanderer dreaming still ;
 Yet pride had not seduced his heart from God,
 Nor world-idolatry usurped his will—
 Though drifting carelessly 'twixt good and ill—
 A reckless soldier of the hope forlorn
 In life's fierce battle,—still averse to strife,
 But wild in creed, and politics, and life.

To reconstruct society anew,
 Humbling the proud ones, was his favourite craze,
 Like the mad giants of the ancient days ;
 Yet he was frank and earnest, bold and true,
 And this is one of his rhapsodic lays :—
 “ Adam, our sire, is represented well
 In the fallen natures of this sinful world,
 Where Selfishness its banners has unfurled,
 And Ignorance and Spurious Virtue dwell.
 If kindest hearts and noblest minds would tell
 Their world experience, it would make us weep
 To see in what death-vaults their memories sleep,
 Hoping for aye of that much-longed-for waking,
 The only cure of broken hearts and breaking.”

THE BETTER LAND.

[Suggested on hearing that song sung, on visiting the infant school of the Limerick Union, of which O'Connor, the Irish Harper, is at present a pauper inmate.]

THE flowers are dead on Summer's grave—
 Like Beauty turned to clay ;
 And the serp trees sigh, as the branches wave,
 With their skeleton leaves that dance and rave
 At the close of the autumn day.

Like a glimpse of heaven is yonder wild
By the golden sunset spann'd ;—
And the deep dark clouds have a radiance mild,
Like the bright young eyes of that pauper child,
That sings of the Better Land.
The Better Land !—ah ! many a time,
That simple strain has brought
(Like the heavenward call of a Sabbath chime,
That summons our hearts from this sunless clime)
The grace of a holy thought.
For it visits the pauper proud of old
With dreams of lowly love,
And giveth the spendthrift lands and gold,
And the saintly poor a firmer hold
Whose hopes were ever above.
And angel forms seem whispering oft
In that pauper harper's ear—
As his sightless eyes are turned aloft
And their lids are dimmed with a moisture soft,
For he hopes that death is near.
Yet his patriot love is still as deep
As when, once in the happy past,
He strove a minstrel's fame to keep—
Nor deem'd O'Connor's race could sleep
In a pauper's bed at last !
But the fierce old songs of his fiery youth,
That told of his country's wrongs,
And her chieftain's might and her daughters' truth,
Are hushed by Faith's remorseful ruth,
To the tone of a Christian's songs :
And they all look out with a Christian's ken
From Hope's consoling breast,
To the Better Land of landless men,
Where the wicked will never trouble again,
And the weary shall be at rest.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

FOUNTAIN of Youth ! where hopes and fears,
In fancy's mystic forms united,
Reveal the fate of coming years,—
Delusions vain, affections blighted,—
How fondly still our hearts recall
The phantom forms that childhood cherished,
Weaving the Future's funeral pall
With threads of gold that long have perished !
Thou dreamer, with the poet's eyes,
Know'st thou the fate of poets' feelings ?
Thy dreams shall turn to waking lies,
And make thee weep the world's revealings.
The sinner's fate is dreaming still—
Delirious in life's fitful fevers :
When *Time* the stern hath worked his will,
Present and past will prove deceivers.
We antedate our smiles and tears,
The future claims our joy or sadness—
The hopes and fears of worldly years,
What are they still but summer madness ?
The good, the great, the wise, the free,
See darkly—yet, 'midst grief and blindness,
Fountain of Youth, still turn to thee
For faith in God and human kindness.

THE CRUSADER'S DEATH.

THE sunset is glorious on Lago Maggiore ;—
Crimson and gold are the hues of the skies,
But brighter the lustre, more lasting the glory,
That kindles in heaven when the Paladin dies.

The angels look forth from their heavenly portals
 To welcome the wanderer back to his home,
 And music too grand for the senses of mortals
 Proclaims the return of the Pilgrim of Rome.
 No tear is required o'er the warrior's ashes,
 Whose spirit has passed to the regions of light;
 The wind as it murmurs, the wave as it dashes,
 Will serve as a dirge for the champion of Right.
 No mourning shall trouble the rest of the sleeper,
 Yet tears are not wanting from those he loved best;—
 For love-lit in sorrow the eyes of the weeper
 Are watching like stars in the beautiful West.
 While a prayer for the Pilgrim his mother is breathing
 To guard him from death in the perilous strife,
 A crown of immortelles the stranger is wreathing
 To place on his grave as the symbol of life.
 Yet memory lingers, and watches, and listens,
 And loves him in heaven as it loved him on earth;
 O! life's but the dream of a higher existence,—
 Pilgrim, thy death was a happier birth!

JOSEPH FOX.

THE Author of the following effusions resides near Halifax, and has forwarded several poems too diffuse for publication in a volume like the present. They are, however, well written and deserving to be better known. We understand the Author contemplates issuing a volume in the course of next year, which we trust will prove a success.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words with as refreshing power
 Into the soul of man do pass,
 As falls the dew upon the flower,
 Or summer rain upon the grass.

Kind words drop sweetly on the heart,
Like melody upon the ear,
Their music ever can impart
A kindly feeling sweet and dear.

Kind words are noblest eloquence ;
They ever come upon the soul
With fascinating power intense,
And with a pleasing soft control.
Kind words, when harsher accents fail,
Or on the mind but feebly tell,
Over the fount of tears prevail
With magic and resistless spell.

The man of great and lofty mind
Would, in his greatness, aye disdain
To give the meanest of his kind
One sneering word to sting with pain ;
The truly noble soul would scorn
To ever speak a word unkind
Unto the very humblest born
Of all the race of human kind.

Oh ! never speak in angry tone,
And never utter cutting words ;
Let kind and gentle speech alone
From lips of love be ever heard !
A father often may reprove
His erring and misguided son,
Rather by blindest words of love
Than by a sterner, harsher tone.

Oh ! never seek in other's breast,
Oh ! never seek in other's mind,
To stir the feeling of unrest
By frowning look or word unkind !

As music's syren-tones have laid
In peaceful calm the savage breast,
So will a word in kindness said
Another's anger lull to rest.
From gentle lips of maiden true
Only kind language should be heard ;
I knew a lovely one who slew
Her lover by a deadly word :
She called, when under passion's spell,
Her lover by ignoble name,
The word like poisoned arrow fell,
And quenched for aye affection's flame.

ULLALIE.

THE purple splendour of parting day
Had softly faded and died away,
And the dusky robe of the solemn even
Fell o'er the glow of the rosy heaven ;
Ah ! well I remember I lingered then
On the lonely path of the twilight glen,
With one who was tenderly dear to me,
The passingly beautiful Ullalie.
Then arose the queen of the night to view,
And tinged each cloud with a silver hue,
And the sheeny light of her radiance fell
On vale and mountain and sylvan dell ;
Whilst softly, sweetly, the evening-breeze
Whispered its vespers among the trees,
And the streamlet murmured a gentle glee,
As I wandered there with my Ullalie.
But in that divine and enchanting hour
My soul was lulled by a sweeter power,
For in music there broke from a maiden's tongue
The thrilling words of a magic song ;

Oh ! sweet as the breath of the syren-choir,
Or the golden tones of the minstrel's lyre,
Was the matchless melody sung to me
By the melting voice of my Ullalie.

Oh ! sweet in that glen 'tis to wander forth,
When spring in music bursts o'er the earth ;
Sweet are the strains that the morning yields
In the woodland-nooks and the dewy fields ;
And sweet is the nightingale's warbled lay,
Heard at the close of a vernal day ;—
But oh ! for the melody sung to me
By the syren-lips of my Ullalie !

THE FATED CASTLE.

KNOW ye that lofty castle
With turrets hoar and high,
That loom o'er yon dark river
That swiftly rushes by ?

Know ye that lofty castle,
Where the loathsome lizard crawls,
Where lurks the deadly serpent
In the clefts of the marble halls ?

Heard ye the mournful story
Those hoary towers can tell,
The tale of woe and sorrow
The rapid waves know well ?

Once stood a beauteous maiden
Upon those turrets high ;
Oh ! pallid was her sweet face,
And tear-dimmed was her eye.

And sweetly, passing sweetly,
Fell evening's golden smile
Upon the dancing waters
And on that stately pile.

Then smote that lovely maiden
On her harp of silver sound,
And tones of sweet enchantment
Were softly breathed around.

She sang the touching story
Of one that was no more,
The sad tale of her lost love,
And the grief her spirit bore.

She sang with voice so melting,
She touched the chords so well,
That the wild waves paused to listen
Beneath the magic spell.

Again she smote the harp-strings ;
A dirge-tone sad and low
Upon the breath of midnight
Was heard to wildly flow.

And would ye hear that death-strain,
List 'neath the midnight sky ;
For it lives upon those dark waves,
As they moan and hurry by.



THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

FROM her father's dwelling the maiden fled,
Lonely and drear was her pathway then ;
In the dismal twilight she bowed her head
On the cold grey rocks of the winter glen,
And the flowing curls of her raven hair
Fell o'er her face in her wild despair.

Ah ! many and bitter the tears she shed,
For hers was the grief that would never depart ;
Her youth's bright hopes had for ever fled,
And hers was the pang of a broken heart ;
And her thoughts were away far over the sea,
With one whose bride she could never be.

Wild came the tempest at midnight hour
From the gloomy realms of the polar night ;
The cold north wind with a rushing power
Swept down from the realms of the boreal night,
And Death rode by on the wings of the storm :—
On the morrow a corse was the maiden's form !

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE Spirit of the Beautiful still spreads
Her radiant pinions over heaven and earth :
Methinks that at great Nature's glorious birth,
O'er Eden's amaranthine sunbright beds
And Paradisal bowers and silver streams,
There fell no brighter light than this that floods
The evening sky, the fields, the summer woods,
Valley and mountain-side with golden beams :
Age has not cast a blight on nature's hue ;
Lovely is still each bud that sweetly blows,
Lovely are still the jasmine and the rose,
And violet with bloom of summer blue ;
All nature, heaven and earth and air are full
Of thee, O Spirit of the Beautiful !

Miscellaneous.

THE following productions marked with an asterisk are sent us under the signature of G. I. F., several of whose effusions appearing in a former volume were favourably received.

* POLISH LAMENT.

A SOUND of mourning fills the land
And blood-stained are its flowers ;
Oh, woe for woe to the foreign hand
That has seized this home of ours !
In Heaven I hear our martyrs' song,
Crying, " How long, O Lord, how long ?"
We've sought for Freedom in the strife,
We've sought her by our tears,
We've sought her by our blood of life,
In vain for many years.
In Heaven our martyr'd brethren throng,
Crying, " How long, O Lord, how long ?"
In our sad dreams bright visions rise,
Our glory shines again !
We stretch our hands to grasp the prize,
And feel a Russian chain.
Captives and exiles round thee throng,
And cry, " How long, O Lord, how long ?"
My country, where thy vaunt of old ?
Thy glory has grown dim ;
The wolf has entered in the fold,
And torn thee limb from limb !
The weak must suffer from the strong,
But oh ! " How long, O Lord, how long ?"

Thou hadst one faith thro' all the land,
 One tongue, one king, one law—
 Would thou hadst had one heart, one hand,
 O Poland, *one* no more!
 We bow beneath the Cossack thong,
 And cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"
 Ah! happy are our sacred dead,
 Since we who live are slaves;
 And shame must bow each manly head
 As we pass their silent graves.
 Yet still their voice is borne along—
 Crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"
 Our strength is now in self-restraint,
 'Twere easier far to die!—
 For vengeance ev'ry slaughter'd saint
 Doth from the altar cry;
 And we will join the mournful song,
 And cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

* EVENING.

AH, well I know, she thinks of me
 In these soft evening hours:
 The birds are sleeping on the tree,
 And on the ground the flowers;
 In the blue heavens, bright and clear,
 Thousands of shining stars appear;
 She looks at them and thinks of me
 In these soft evening hours!
 All pensive and alone is she
 In these soft evening hours;
 But from her lips my name will be
 Breathed to the silent bowers.

She sends me kisses soft and sweet
 And looks as though our eyes could meet ;
 She weeps for me and thinks of me,
 In these soft evening hours !
 Good night, and let thine eyelids close
 In these soft evening hours ;
 I'll come to thee in thy repose
 By Fancy's magic powers.
 Dream of the time, to love so blest,
 When I shall press thee to my breast ;
 Till then, beloved, think of me
 Now, and in every hour !

* THE WANDERER'S EVENING HYMN.

(From the German of Goethe.)

O Thou, who from high Heaven canst still
 All suffering and sorrow,
 Who dost with double comfort fill
 The doubly miserable,
 Ah ! I am wearied of the strife,
 The sorrows and the joys of life—
 Sweet peace and holy rest
 Come, come into my breast.

* LOVE.

As long as hope remaineth ours,
 Tho' doubt's dark cloud above us lowers,
 In happy and in mournful hours
 I will be true.
 Then blame me not (such trust your stay),
 If in youth's bright and fleeting day
 My spirit should be light and gay,
 Tho' far from you !

For 'tis not in me to be sad
When all around is bright and glad.
They tell us that the restless seas,
Which toy with every passing breeze,
Have a still water underneath,
As calm and motionless as death ;
And there lost relics of the ocean
Lie countless ages without motion.
Like that deep gulf, such is my love—
One with the restless life above ;
And yet distinct—a part of me,
That part that none but you can see ;
And there hid treasures ever lie
Immortalized by memory,
The pearls and diamonds of love's store,
All still and changeless evermore.
Then doubt not, joyful tho' I seem,
My outward life is but a dream ;
Within 'tis steadfast, earnest, pure,
As strong as Death, as still, as sure.
When all things fail, this shall be true,
Here and beyond the tomb, to you.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

By THOMAS COX, Author of "Melancholy, and other Poems."

BESIDE a murmuring river
There stands an old oak tree ;
It looks as green as ever
Still frowning on the lea ;
It looks as fresh as ever
On a cheerful summer's day :
Old tree, in thee no change I see
In the years that have roll'd away.

Great change has come on all things,
Nought looks the same save thee :
How alter'd sounds the river's voice
Hard by the old oak tree !
And the birds that sang among its boughs
So sweetly in the May,
All changed but thee, thou ancient tree,
In the years that have roll'd away.
Green are thy boughs, as in the spring
We heard the merry bee ;
The sight brings up my youth once more,
Thou sturdy old oak tree.
But the friends of my youth come not again —
Oh where ! oh where are they ?
All gone but thee, thou ancient tree,
In the years that have roll'd away.

THE BLIND GIRL TO THE ROSE.

By J. H. JEWELL, Author of several ballads, written for music.

SWEET flower, the joyous sun is on thee shining,
Tinting thy blossoms with its ruddy beams,
And all night long, gay fancy hath been twining
Thy opening blossoms in my rosy dreams.
Sweet flower, I know around me thou art flinging
Thy sweetest fragrance on the balmy air ;
While on the floating breeze thine odour 's winging
Its incense to the throne I seek in prayer.
Sweet flower, I love thee ; and that love possessing,
My *mind* beholds thee, beautiful to see ;
And to thee, Heaven, I offer up my blessing,
For sending gifts so precious unto me.

THE TRAPPER GIRL.

By JONATHAN DOUGLAS.

Formerly, in many of the English coal-mines, children of a tender age, frequently girls, were employed as trappers. Their duty consisted in opening a species of trap-door for the passage of the waggons ; and on their care and vigilance depended the safety of the mine, and the lives of those engaged in it.

'Twas the glorious summer time,
The time of fruits and flowers ;
The hum of the drony bee was heard,
And the sky was glad with many a bird,
Singing through the golden hours,
Carolling in the sunny air,
Without ever a thought of care ;
And the butterfly, like a fairy sprite,
Solitary in its delight,
Flutter'd among the purple bowers :
Glory and beauty and love and mirth
Garland summer in her birth.

I lay on a primrose bank,
Where a sparkling river roll'd ;
I drowsily lay, and listened its tune,
Which floated through the burning noon
Like a magic strain of old :
I listened its calm delicious sound,
As the gorgeous sunlight flash'd around,
And half bethought me 'twas the time
Fabled in many an ancient rhyme,
The famous age of gold.
But a sterner vision o'er me crept,
The while in Fancy's lap I slept.

Methought I stood within
The dark and dismal mine,
Where, many a hundred fathoms down,
Mammon sits with sable crown,

And sceptre of diamond shine ;
Where—gathering lavish spoils for him,
Perilling health and life and limb,
The gloomy caverns drear and dank,
'Mid sweltering vapours foul and rank,
His lowly bondmen pine :
The human worms that spin and die
For the silken sons of luxury.

In a gallery long and black,
As an old Egyptian tomb,
Silent and sad I saw a child,
A little girl of aspect mild,
Mild yet full of gloom—
A calm and gentle-looking thing,
As should large joy to a mother bring :
But on her brow and face so wan
Was writ—ay, writ by the finger of man—
Her most unrighteous doom—
The doom of early want and care,
Like a mildew on the promise there.

The many hopes and joys,
The instincts of her years,
The golden glories, dimly veil'd
In her heart's depths, which darkly swell'd
With unimaginable fears ;
The simple friendships, loves, and ties,
The impulses and sympathies,
The aspirations and the pride
Of childhood—all to her denied—
Denied its very tears :
A blighted, bruised, and shatter'd thing,
In her young beauty's blushing spring.
Day and month and year,
In gloomy bondage there ;

An alien from the kindly hearth,
From all the pure and bright of earth,—
The sky and the summer air ;
Still as the years continuous roll,
Feeling the iron in her soul,
Till womanhood's brow is sear'd with wrong,
And nature sinks beneath the thong
And burden of despair ;
Forging *Dives* wealth—and doom
That shall outlast his brazen tomb.

And thus the world goes round—
So ages wax and wane :
Many gather who do not plant,
Many toil in woe and want,
Many wear the chain ;
Right is subject unto might,
Darkness holds the place of light,
Error triumphs over truth,
Justice sicken'd in her youth,
Wisdom speaks in vain :
Only one thing faileth never,
Power breeds tyranny for ever !

IN MEMORIAM.*

By E. W. HUDDLESTONE.

WAKENING the echoes, solemn strains are ringing
Through the still air a music faint and dim,—
Low-toned, sad voices reverently singing
The long last farewell of the funeral hymn.
The notes are hushed—the thronging mourners, weeping,
Gather around the bier, where holy dust
Is laid in peace to rest, in silence sleeping,
Waiting the resurrection of the just.

* John Angell James, died October 1st, 1859.

As to the golden gladness of a dwelling
 Within the saintly City fieth one,
 Sinless and sorrowless, a soul is swelling
 With bliss to mortal worshippers unknown.
 Past is the life-dream ; past the tears upwelling
 From earthly woe-founts ; past the sin-born sigh ;
 Past !— and an angel-harp is ever telling
 The happiness of immortality.

Lo ! on that brow a love-lit eye is beaming,
 A hand hath placed a jewelled diadem ;
 And o'er that priceless crown a halo gleaming
 Reveals a saved soul in every gem.

Lo ! mid the silent love-looks of the holy,
 A new-born seraph boweth at the throne ;
 Veiled by encircling wings, he kneeleth lowly,
 As the great King pronounces the " Well done."

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WAKE ! wake ! my lyre, thy slumb'ring chords,
 Praise to the truly noble give,
 By adverse fate, in low estate,
 Alas ! too often doomed to live.
 But wealth and title, place and show,
 Are fortune's spangles little worth—
 The noblest man is he who does
 The greatest good upon the earth.

The noble man, mark well—'tis he
 Who loves his fellow-man, and strives
 To aid the march of mind, and snap
 Dark superstition's hell-forged gyves ;

To beat back ignorance and crime ;
To ope the flood-gates of the soul,
So that love's long imprisoned tide,
Blessing humanity, may roll.

'Tis he who, having little, drops
His mite to aid impoverished worth ;
Not he who, having thousands, gives
His pounds to see it blazoned forth.
'Tis he, or peasant, priest or king,
Who marks his way by honour's chart ;
Who, spite of pomp or poverty,
Keeps pure the chambers of the heart.

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